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The Week.

Congress is expiring in a blaze of insincerity. The Democratic filibuster seems to have driven the Republicans to their neatest tricks. In parliamentary adroitness the old hands of the majority are undoubtedly the superiors of the Opposition, and have successfully dug several holes for the other side to fall into. On the currency bill, and again on the campaign-publicity bill, the cleverest tricksters of the Republican membership prepared snares for the Democrats, which left the latter both baffled and furious. It has been a gigantic battle over trifling side-issues. Partisans on the spot roar with delight over these manœuvres, and call them sailing to obtain the weather-gage of their opponents, but the country, so far as we have observed, remains like Marjorie Fleming's turkey, "most unusual calm." The whole crafty game of Congressional wits is supposed to be played for popular effect, but none of the great intellects concerned seems to have stopped to inquire what the real effect has been and will be. Yet we may be sure that, whatever the decisive issues of the coming campaign are to be, they will have very little to do simply with the tactics of debate, or the laying of traps in the transaction of public business. If there is to be any serious attack upon the Republican party's record, we may be certain that it cannot be met and repulsed by jubilant references to the way in which John Sharp Williams was caught napping, or to the astuteness of Dalzell in compelling the Democrats to vote against the very measures for which they had been clamoring. The work and the justification of a political party lie in something beside retorts and twitting, or an unreal and theatrical display upon the Congressional stage.

The great trouble with all these petty devices of the Republicans to hamper and enrage the Democrats, is that they lead nowhere. Made an end in themselves, they are worth nothing whatever. There is sometimes a warrant and a demand for the nicest strategy of parliamentarians. They may need to disentangle the issue at which they are driving, to give it the advantage of position or precedence, and so to arrange the order and details of discussion as to compass their object. But in such a case it is always understood that the means are to an end, the road to the goal; the tactics merely precede and smooth the way for final action. In all these sly bills and resolutions of the Republicans in Congress, however, there is no pretence that anything will be completed. The manœuvring to get the wind goes on briskly, but there is no closing to battle. It is as if Nelson had tacked and filled in order to get the French and Spanish ships at Trafalgar where he wanted them, and then had made off for England in triumph without firing a gun. None of the measures about which the Republicans have so exulted in getting the better of the Democrats are made laws, or will be; yet it is expected that great will be the "effect"! No one should imagine that the people can be deceived in any such way. They may laugh at the "smartness" of rival politicians, but they know that the real business of government is something different. It is not the sharp contrivances or the angry recriminations of Representatives in Congress that impress the popular mind, so much as large and sober policies painstakingly wrought into law. Compared with Mr. Roosevelt's far-sighted schemes in reference to irrigation, and forest preservation and the improvement of our waterways, all the jollifications of the Republicans at Washington over their success in putting the Democrats in a parliamentary hole, are but as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

The extravagance of the projects urged at Washington this session is a subject on which we have dwelt more than once—the proposal to lay down four battleships at a cost of about $10,000,000 apiece, and the public buildings bill ("the pork barrel") with its appropriation of some $33,000,000. Advocates of economy may be interested to learn that the Bureau of Education is to secure an increase of only $1,250 over the amount for the current year. Of this addition, $250 is for books for the library and for completion of valuable sets of periodicals. The $1,000 is to raise the salary of the Commissioner of Education, who will henceforth get $4,500. This is less than the pay of a full professor at Harvard, or of a superintendent of schools in a city of 100,000 inhabitants. The Commissioner of Education, however, like other high officers at Washington, is expected to find his reward in serving his country and securing professional distinction. No appropriation whatever was made for the investigation by the Bureau of Education of special educational problems, for which purpose the Secretary of the Interior strongly requested $40,000. We venture to say, however, that every $10,000 spent by the Bureau brings a richer return to this country than every $100,000 expended on the navy. But the needs of the Bureau do not appeal to those men who love noise and parade and the shouts of the Jingoes.

Without asserting that the Hon. James Guffey of Pennsylvania is the highest type of the American statesman, we cannot but feel that the Democrats of Pennsylvania, in following his leadership and resisting the Bryan craze, have done well by their party and the country. Their action must intensify the regret that the sound elements in the party did not begin to work for Gov. Johnson some months ago. His remarkable, even though unsuccessful, run in Alabama, shows, the more it is studied, how eager the rank and file of the party are to vote for some one beside the man who has been defeated twice, and whose nomination will bring an access of strength to the Republicans. It will be gratifying, if Pennsylvania, New York, and other important States record their protests in the convention against Bryan. Otherwise, the Democracy will be completely committed to a political harlequin.

Timid souls who have been afraid that the President was getting a little lax on the subject of civil-service reform, will be cheered up by the news from Albion, N. Y. The postmaster there has been removed for "pernicious activity." It seems that the audacious man neglected his official duties in order to "round up delegates" for Wadsworth in his fight against Congressman Porter. The stern President would not have such meddling in politics by Federal officials, and promptly cut off the head of Postmaster Coan. This shows what a pity it is that nobody ever called Mr. Roosevelt's attention to the hundreds of postmasters who have been hunting delegates for Taft. Of course, he would have decapitated them all if he had only known what they were doing.

Vigorous opposition by the organizations of interior merchants has apparently called a halt on the plans for increasing railway freight rates in order to meet reduced demand for transportation. The latest argument to be presented in favor of the step is that the proposed higher rates are not to be used for dividends, but to keep up the standard of wages and the standard of transportation facilities. The increase as suggested would average up to a per capita tax of $1.61 on every man, woman, and child in the country; and who can reasonably object to such a tax for such a purpose? It is "a defensible distribution of an economic burden." The trouble with this argument, as with all other efforts seriously to justify an ad-

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vance in prices because of reduced demand, is that it proves too much. Certainly, the manufacturer is as deeply interested in keeping up wages and maintaining his plant as is the railway president; therefore, according to this newly-discovered economic logic, a 50 per cent. reduction in his sales ought to be met by increasing prices one-half. Hard times, poverty of the people through agricultural disaster or trade reaction, loss of markets through the distresses of foreign purchasing communities, should be the signal for exacting higher prices on all merchandise. No one can fail to recognize the absurdity of this idea. Had i been seriously proposed, say, in the January conferences of the New England cotton mills, the reply would, of course, have been, first, that such an advance would go far towards killing such feeble purchasing power as remained; second, that any manufacturer who tried to put it into practice would promptly have been driven out of business by competitors who retained possession of their senses. If it be asked why these two arguments did not settle the question in the railway conference, there is no easy answer except that the railway men who urged the higher rates proposed to bind every competing railway by a promise to maintain them. That is to say, an indefensible and uneconomic action was to be carried out, in the face of public protest, through the power of virtual monopoly. And President Roosevelt, of all men on earth, is quoted as approving the undertaking.

The theory that last week's violent break in stocks was a response to failure of the currency-tinkering plans at Washington would be more convincing if somebody beside the financial experts of the Senate had discovered the connection. Financial opinion in Wall Street, including even the bulletins of commission brokers to their customers, shows a provoking tendency to ascribe the 5 to 8 point fall in speculative shares to the fact that a group of speculators had recklessly bid up prices, in the four preceding weeks, and that, when these speculators tried to secure profits at the high level thus established, they found nobody to buy. "This condition," one Stock Exchange house writes to its constituency, "was one of the chief causes of the panic of last autumn"—nothing about the currency, even in this retrospect.

If the newspaper dispatches have covered the important issues in the suit against the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, under the Anti-Trust Law, we are bound to confess that the action, on its face, is less justified than any other of the suits against corporations brought by the government. The New Haven is called to account for its acquisition of Boston and Maine Railroad stock, and for its purchase of trolley lines. In the first place, both these movements are subject to the control of the States, and both have been under the consideration of the State Legislatures. They are, we should say, matters for State rather than Federal regulation; because, while a merger with the Boston and Maine would naturally fall within the scope of interstate traffic, that line is not primarily a competitor of the New Haven, but in essence a connecting line. In so far as this is the case, the Massachusetts railway law, which can deal with other aspects of the matter than restraint of trade, is the proper statute to invoke. The case of control of trolley lines seems to us not dissimilar, for nothing would apparently be easier than to dismember the street railway corporations, so that none of them should of itself engage in interstate business. The wisdom or unwisdom, from a financial point of view, of the New Haven's engaging in its recent purchases of such securities, at prices declared by experts to be abnormally inflated, is indubitably a serious question by itself, but we do not see how this can fall within the scope of the Federal law.

It is more than appropriate that the first day's session of the Lake Mohonk Conference should have been concerned chiefly with the affairs of the Spanish-American republics. Peace, like charity, should begin at home, and there is no better way of answering the doubts or jeers of those who know that war is inevitable, than by emphasizing the progress that has been made towards peace in that traditional laboratory of domestic and international strife, Central and South America. It is easy to dwell on the broad discrepancy between the lofty aim that animates the calling of a Hague Conference or the establishment of a Central American peace tribunal and the actual achievement. It is perhaps legitimate for the professional humorist to point out that at the very moment when the corner-stone of a Pan-American temple of peace was being laid at Washington, there should be something like a minor reign of terror in Guatemala, the possibility of foreign complications in Venezuela, snarling discontent between Panama and Colombia, and attempts at revolution in Peru. But it is the dramatic nature of episodes of violence that draws public attention, while the forces that make for peace do their work in silence. On every hand there are signs that the ideal of order is finding its way into our tropics. In a closer approach to our own government and Mexico as their natural tutors in the lesson of independence with peace, in the advance of industrial development and railway building, and of education, the elements of a stable society are being created.

Ray Stannard Baker and other writers on the economic situation of the negro have laid stress upon the increased tension between the races in the agricultural districts of the South. This they have attributed in part to the wandering of the negro to the cities and to the North, and the lack of steady black labor. There is another reason for the scarcity of good field laborers. In certain parts of the South, the negro is going into other than agricultural employment, with great success. Thus, in the Birmingham, Alabama, coal and iron-ore district negroes are to-day mining between 80 and 90 per cent. of the ore, and about 50 per cent. of the coal. On Red Mountain, where 75 to 80 per cent. of the miners are negroes, the general manager of the ore mines reports that they are "doing very efficient work." The chief mine inspector of the State reports that, from his personal observation, he thinks that more than half of the laborers in the coal mines are negroes. When the mines were opened in the Red Mountain district, foreign white miners were employed, with negroes as helpers. Gradually the negro became the miner, and now will soon monopolize the mining industry. This great change has come about in twenty years. Mining iron ore is much more difficult and trying than handling coal, but the negroes have stuck to the heavier task. This is another illustration of the way in which the negro is advancing industrially.

President Fallières, being a man of peasant origin and robust physique, probably entered with no excessive alarm on the four days' festivities which began with his arrival in England on Monday. There is in the entire world of formalism nothing so rigidly oppressive, perhaps, as the programme of a European state visit, from the moment when the first salute is fired by two lines of as many warships as the host can muster, to the last lifting of the glass in honor of, etc., and the distribution of ribbons and orders. In the latest Parisian stage success, "Le Roi," the authors represent a visiting monarch at the French capital as returning from just such a gala performance at the opera as President Fallières and Edward VII. attended on Wednesday. "Your Majesty was amused?" some one asks. "Oh, delighted." "But your Majesty did not applaud." "Well, I was afraid of waking the President of the Republic." Moreover, not so very long ago, these royal and Presidential visits used to be regarded as rather empty parades. The political cartoonist was fond of depicting monarchs in each other's arms, with a dagger or a gun conspicuously in

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sight. But since M. Loubet's visit to Russia some ten years ago or more, and the memorable announcement of the Franco-Russian *entente* as a fact, and not merely a suspicion, European state visits have been either the forerunners or conclusions of significant political events. The understanding between Great Britain and France is now too old a matter for the present visit to assume any other character than that of an expression of continued friendship. That there should also be a Franco-British exposition at London and the chance of drumming up trade, naturally helps.

A foreign observer who should base an estimate of English character on the outcome of a series of Parliamentary bye-elections, might describe the Englishman as the most emotional and volatile of men. Not even the French, with a record of two empires, two royal dynasties, and three republics in a century, could be capable of such sudden changes in public opinion as the United Kingdom has apparently witnessed since the beginning of 1906. The British elector, having swept into power a Liberal government with an anti-Conservative majority of nearly 350, almost immediately turned about-face and began to plump regularly for the Unionists. The same British elector, having fashioned, almost out of the whole cloth, a Labor party with fifty-four representatives in Parliament, most of them tinged with Socialism, fell, within a short time, into a panic over Socialism. It may simplify the problem to say that the apparent reaction against Liberalism and Socialism is in reality only a reaction against the latter. The common explanation is that the party of Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman has suffered because it was friendly to the radical programme of the new third party. This view is supported by many facts; but the interesting question remains whether, now that the Liberal party and the Labor party have openly professed hostility, the country will keep on voting for Conservative candidates at bye-elections. Winston Churchill's campaign at Dundee, and last week's election of a successor to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman by an increased Liberal majority, indicate, perhaps, the turning of the tide.

If Lewis Carroll were alive, he would probably take pleasure in writing a book on Morocco. Things go by opposites in the land of two Sultans, three capitals, and one God with Mohammed as his prophet. In other countries, when a monarch is driven from his capital, his cause is supposed to be on the decline, and when he marches back on his capital with an armed force his fortunes are supposed to be improving. In other countries, when a Pretender is defeated, the throne is strengthened, and when a Pretender runs away the lawful ruler comes into his own. Not so in Morocco. There, a few months ago, the inhabitants took advantage of the departure of the Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, from Fez, to proclaim his brother, Mulai Hafid, ruler in his place. Abd-el-Aziz held quiet court at Rabat on the coast, allowed his brother a clear road—and the cause of Abd-el-Aziz prospered. Mulai Hafid, on the other hand, succeeded in putting several small armies in the field, won several small victories over his brother's forces, and finally ran away. Thereupon Abd-el-Aziz set out triumphantly for Fez. He is on the way still, but his army is now reported to be ready to go over to Mulai Hafid, for the sole reason, apparently, that the latter ran away. We have also in Morocco the French policy of pacific penetration by means of rapid-fire guns, based upon an amicable understanding between France and Spain, whose soldiers have come to blows. And, finally, there is Germany, who watches France jealously, because German trade in Morocco has doubled since the beginning of French activity; and who, in her desire to make the French task easier and to prevent European complications, rings the bell and shouts "Fire!" whenever France makes a decisive move.

The income tax bill, passed by the French Chamber of Deputies this week, has been warmly debated for nearly two years, after having been under consideration for a long time before. It is one of the measures to which the Clemenceau Ministry came in pledged, in October, 1906; and because of it M. Poincaré was replaced as Minister of Finance by M. Caillaux, the present Minister, whose financial policy is much more radical. On the part of the moderate and conservative press, the bill has been stubbornly fought. It was prophesied that French capital, described as already overburdened, would desert the country, and that the load of taxation would thus fall with increased weight on the shoulders of the poor. In a lighter vein, the Opposition press has assailed the inquisitorial methods prescribed for ascertaining a taxpayer's income. Aged ladies have been represented as having the soles of their feet burned with hot irons by revenue agents, and babies as bribed with candy-sticks to point out where their papas kept the money hidden. Should the bill become law—and, in spite of possible amendments in the Senate, its enactment now appears to be assured—it would mean an important readjustment of the entire French fiscal system. A large portion of the direct taxes, which constitute about one-sixth of the national income, will be suppressed; notable among these is the door-and-window tax.

Pius X.'s unwavering conservatism is attested once more by his veto of the scheme to organize the French priesthood into mutual aid societies, under the law of devolution of Church property enacted in November, 1907. High hopes had been entertained that these mutual aid associations might become a means of reconciling the Church and the government, or at least of mitigating distress among the priesthood. While last year's bill was under consideration, the proposal was made by the Abbé Lemire, the Christian-Democrat Deputy, that certain pension funds for old priests should be handed over to the proposed mutual aid societies. The government not only accepted the amendment, but provided for the additional transfer to such societies of property left to defray the cost of masses for the dead. The pension funds which the societies would have received under the law amounted to some twenty million francs. The funds left for masses were still larger. All the Deputies and Senators of the Catholic Right voted for the bill, and for a long time it was believed that the Pope would sanction the establishment of the associations. But, apparently, the argument of the extremists at the Vatican, that these societies would constitute a menace to episcopal authority by injecting an element of democratic self-government into the church, has prevailed.

In no country has Socialism made as marked progress among the agricultural classes as in Italy, where its latest weapon is the strike of farm laborers. Within the last three weeks Parma, in the north of the peninsula, has been the scene of such a strike, engineered largely by the socialist leaders, but finding its strength in the generally just demands of the strikers. The amount of violence, considering the bitterness of the struggle, has been inconsiderable, showing that the labor organizers have succeeded unusually well in enforcing discipline. Italy, like other European countries, is now feeling the pressure of competition in the labor market, following the return of tens of thousands of emigrants from the United States; and especially in the north the agricultural laborers are sufficiently well organized to fight with a chance of success. One feature of the strike at Parma stands out in curious contrast with recent land agitation in Ireland. There, cattle-driving was one of the offences that led the Irish Unionists to clamor for repressive measures. The Italian strikers, however, attempted to keep the cattle from being shipped out of the district affected by the strike, so that the animals might perish for lack of pasture and fodder. Nevertheless, the landowners succeeded in exporting their cattle, though at a heavy loss.

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RESPONSIBILITY FOR EXTRAVAGANCE.

Republican leaders in the House are visibly worried over the vast total of appropriations. The sum will be considerably above $1,000,000,000—and this with the Treasury running behind about $400,000 a day. Feeling that somebody will be blamed for this, the men at the head of the House organization are looking around to find shoulders more willing than their own to assume the burden. Congressman Tawney has elaborated the ingenious theory that the Democratic minority is responsible for at least $50,000,000 of the waste. He argues that but for the filibuster the majority could have prevented this expenditure. But this roiling of the water upstream does not appear to Congressman Burton to be an adequate explanation. In his speech in the House on Monday he pointed to the Senate as the guilty party. Referring to the undoubted fact that most of the appropriation bills come back from the Senate with heavy additions, he affirmed that the real cause of extravagance lay in the existence of "another House with different ideas, and more readily reached by those who represent local or special interests." Mr. Burton's remedy is to refuse to "yield the prerogatives of the House to the Senate."

Even theoretically, this is not convincing. Money bills can originate only in the House, yet the Senate has the Constitutional right to amend them, and amending may mean, usually does mean, increasing. But we do not see that any "prerogative" of the House can successfully be asserted against this. The brute power of the House might be asserted. It could, if it chose, take an immovable stand on the issue of economy, refuse assent to every Senate amendment, and compel an extra session, if necessary, with an appeal to the country to sustain its position. But everybody knows that the House will not do this. And everybody should know the reason why. Practically, the individual members of the House are often interested in the swollen appropriations urged by the Senate. Representatives have fought for them in vain before the House committees, and then have gone quietly to their Senators to get the desired sums inserted in the bills in the Senate. When these bills are returned to the House, they thus have numerous and powerful friends on the floor, no matter what the attitude of the leaders may be. Hence the spectacle, which we have seen again and again this session, of the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations solemnly warning the House and his party against squandering the public funds, yet voted down by his own followers in a log-rolling league with Democrats.

There could not be a clearer or more melancholy illustration of the haphazard way in which our national budgets are framed. One committee looks after raising the revenue, a dozen others, unrelated and intriguing against each other, have the spending of it. It is only a happy accident if income and outgo have any relation to each other. We have no responsible Finance Minister, or even a party organization in charge, to put the foot down firmly and say: "You can't have this money, because the state of the Treasury does not admit of it." All is left, under our system, to pulling and hauling and giving and taking—or giving and grabbing.

This lack of financial control is the chief reason why Congress is extravagant. In respect to the national finances, we have no really responsible government. And without it, one should always remember, the instinct of a popular assembly is to be wasteful of the public money. The House of Commons began as an economical body, checking the expenditure of the King; but when it became itself the real executive, it fell to spending more than any King or Minister ever dreamed of. Hence the government had finally to step in and take charge of all money-bills; for, as Walter Bagehot laid down the general principle of action by the House, when left to itself: "If you want to raise a certain cheer in the House of Commons, make a general panegyric on economy; if you want to invite a sure defeat, propose a particular saving." That rule holds good of Congress.

There is, however, a superadded reason why the appropriations of Congress, seen against the black background of shrunken revenues, appear glaringly extravagant. The party in power is traditonally lavish in its policies; and its President is a man into whose ken economy never swims. Mr. Roosevelt has not uttered a single earnest word in favor of retrenchment; his demand is always for more money expended on new projects. The orator at the Columbia Law School on Monday maintained that a study of the law would have been of the greatest advantage to the President. We ourselves think that a business training and serious effort to grasp financial principles would have been more profitable to both him and the country. In President Cleveland's second inaugural, he upheld the homely American virtues of frugality and thrift, and, although the clouds were but beginning to gather upon the financial horizon, called for the utmost economy in public expenditures. But not even in these bad times—which good Republicans do not mention as they pass—have we had from the President anything so weighty or direct. With his constant attitude being that of "hang the expense," it is not strange Congress has hanged it.

FREE TRADE AND THE MERCHANT MARINE.

The National Association of Manufacturers, in session in this city last week, went bodily over to the view that the only way to build up a great merchant marine is by putting the government into partnership with the ship-owners. This was not a surprising decision, for these manufacturers are themselves in partnership with the Federal Administration through the tariffs under which they prosper, always at the expense of those who do not belong to the privileged class. The manufacturers wish to see liberal subsidies paid, both in the form of bounties and of mail subventions; and they telegraphed to Washington their earnest desire for the prompt enactment of the post office appropriation bill, with its ship-subsidy amendment, then pending. Fortunately, that measure has since been defeated.

Fortunately, we say, for we have more than once pointed out that subsidies too frequently mean the establishment of lines which are not justified by genuine economic demand, but only by the purely sentimental desire to display the flag. Were the Manufacturers' Association to investigate a little more thoroughly the subject of subsidies, it would find that the two greatest merchant fleets, those of Great Britain and Germany, have been created in other ways than by Treasury grants. That assistance has been extended to certain passenger ships for naval reserve or mail-carrying purposes is true; but this kind of subvention would in no way account for the enormous growth of the two fleets under consideration. That of Great Britain and her dependencies increased from 7,149,134 tons in 1870 to 12,791,381 in 1906. In every decade during that period the growth was steady and normal—in the neighborhood of a million and a quarter tons—and no section of the British marine prospered so well as the "tramp" portion, which receives retainers neither as naval reserves nor mail carriers. The fleet has grown primarily because, thanks to free trade, England does a great business with all parts of the globe, and not having to pay artificial prices for the materials used in shipbuilding, can construct ships more cheaply than any other country.

As for Germany, had the committee of the Manufacturers' Association read a recent article by A. W. Bloem in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, they might have revised their opinion as to the real reason for the splendid increase in that country's sailing and steam vessels. It has repeatedly been said, for instance, that German ships are favored by especially low railway rates and by subsidies. As Mr. Bloem points out, it is actually cheaper for the great industrial section of western Germany to ship goods out of the country by way of the Dutch and

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Belgian harbors than to send them to Bremen or Hamburg; and of this fact the manufacturers of that region are taking full advantage. So far as subsidies are concerned, Mr. Bloem notes that they are of comparatively slight importance — the greatest German steamship company, the Hamburg-American, has never received a cent of subsidy. Mr. Bloem also asserts that the benefits of some of the subsidies now conferred are open to grave question. Thus, the annual report of the German East African Line shows once more very plainly that it suffers grievously from its government contracts and subsidies, and would be better off without them.

As for the United States, Mr. Bloem has something to say which is well worth the manufacturers' attention:

> A pitiful picture is afforded by the United States merchant marine, whose ocean-going tonnage receded from 2,700,000 tons in 1870 to 882,000 in 1902. . . . All efforts up to this time to bring about a change must be regarded as total failures. Tariff politics and tariff legislation kill all desire to develop the merchant fleet. On the one hand, the enormous tariffs prevent any competition by increasing greatly the cost of construction; on the other, the laws forbid the purchase for American register of foreign-built vessels. Whence shall any new ships come?

Certainly, the answer of a reasoning man cannot be: by means of subventions and bounties.

So far as England is concerned, the new Chamberlain school is bent on showing that, while the fleet developed wonderfully under free trade, the time has now come for aiding it by preferential tariffs, retaliatory measures, more subsidies, and perhaps even navigation laws. The protectionists aver that there is a slackening in the development of the fleet, and that some of England's rivals, notably Germany, are increasing at a more rapid rate. But the growth of the German marine is not due to artificial stimulation, but to other causes. The United States, with its wonderful sea-coast and natural resources, lags far behind, not because its government is stingy of its funds, but because it is so stupid as to refuse to remove obvious obstacles from the path of our shipbuilders and owners. If Congress really desires to do something for American shipping, the method is simple and easy: abolish the tariff on all materials that enter into the construction of vessels; allow Americans every opportunity to build ships at a low price, and allow them, also, to buy ships wherever in the world they can be built most cheaply. In fine, conform to those economic laws which make it profitable for Englishmen and Germans to construct and operate ships.

THE MYSTERY OF CRUELTY.

The interest awakened by the case of Belle Gunness, the Indiana woman who lured so many victims to death, is not surprising. To many minds such a combination of mystery and horror is irresistible in its attraction. Nor is this attraction confined to persons who have little or no intellectual resource beyond the crude sensationalism of the newspapers. Edward FitzGerald tells us in one of his letters that his "chief Article is Murderers," and he is "having a Newgate Calendar from London." One of the most distinguished scholars in New England, in answer to the question why he studied all the evidence in the Borden murder trial, urged that Shakespeare's tragedies and, indeed, the great tragedies of all literature, are chiefly murder stories. Undeniably, there is a fascination in untangling the complex of motives which have actuated famous criminals. The Gunness woman seems to have been largely influenced by greed; but greed could not have been all of it. She must have had something of that gusto in killing which De Quincey discusses in his "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." Such outbreaks of cruelty, such displays of positive pleasure in another's pain, and of an insatiate lust of blood, are often reported in the press. Only a few months ago the English newspapers were filled with stories of a Mrs. Rushworth, who, for sheer love of brutality, used to beat a little girl, to deprive her of proper clothes, bedding, and food, and even to burn her with hot irons; and the dispatches from Paris have just been telling us of a Jeanne Weber who strangled seven, and perhaps nine, children. These survivals of savage passion serve to remind us how thin is the veneer of our civilization, how easy it is to drop back to the moral level of the ape and tiger.

Now, as in the Psalmist's time, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. History records no atrocities which cannot still be matched, say, in darkest Africa, where the instincts developed by the long and fierce struggle for existence are still untamed. Spots yet exist where man as well as nature is red in tooth and claw. What we forget is the short distance of time and space that separates us from our ferocious forefathers. Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey to the Western Islands," relates the tradition that the Macdonalds —honored name to-day!—surrounded the Culloden church on Sunday, fastened the doors, and burnt the congregation alive. The entertainment received its perfecting touch when the Macdonald piper mocked the shrieks of the perishing crowd with the notes of his bagpipe. The massacre of Glencoe occurred as late as 1692; and a chief conspirator was the Master of Stair, whom Macaulay describes as "one of the first men of his time, a jurist, a statesman, a fine scholar, an eloquent orator. His polished manners and lively conversation were the delight of aristocratical societies." Within the memory of men not yet old the hanging of criminals was the most popular of public spectacles in England and America. This wholesale glutting of cruel appetites more than once furnished a subject for the pen of Dickens. And what are prize-fights but an opportunity to slake one's craving for blood? No one who has read Hazlitt's essay, "The Fight," can forget one harrowing description:

> I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's "Inferno."

From this picture Hazlitt passed on to "the brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-colored cottages" and to digressions on "some topic of general and elegant literature." The friend with whom he attended the exhibition was deep in a volume of "The New Eloise." And Hazlitt pertinently asks the ladies whether, after this, they will contend that a fondness for prizefighting "is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment."

Perhaps an even more striking illustration of the survival of savagery may be found in men's religious beliefs—say, in the conception of a god who is a cruel man endowed with omnipotence. Grave divines were telling us within a generation that a just and merciful Father, for his good pleasure, had doomed certain of the non-elect to the most hideous physical tortures for all eternity. It was in 1879, less than thirty years ago, that Herbert Spencer, in "The Data of Ethics," stated the theory quite nakedly:

> Derived from bloodthirsty ancestors, such gods are naturally conceived as gratified by the infliction of pain; when living they delighted in torturing other beings; and witnessing torture is supposed still to give them delight. The implied conceptions long survive.

Some of our readers may recall the attacks upon Spencer for this and similar utterances, and even upon clergymen otherwise orthodox, like the late Frederic William Farrar, who ventured to doubt the doctrine of eternal torture.

But the years are bringing to each of us a clearer recognition of the fact that the man we meet in the street is as human and alive as we; that if you prick a Jew he bleeds, and if you poison him he dies; that He who made us made also the beast of the field and the bird of the air; and that He beholds our cruelty and hears their cry. Even in civilized countries, however, most children pass through the stage of savagery—"as cruel

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as a schoolboy ere he grows to pity." And, though cruelty disappears before the sensitiveness of a cultivated imagination which enables us to comprehend the feelings of others, men quickly relapse into brutality. As Lecky reminds us, Europeans in their dealings with an inferior race are likely to display "complete and absolute callousness"—like the Belgians in the Congo. Asylum and prison attendants, with no one to check them, revert into cave-men. Often, too, some fit of anger, some mental or physical disturbance, a drug or a drink which paralyzes the will and slips the leash from the passions, will suddenly transform a restrained and gentle woman into a fury. Every one can probably remember some terrible moment when the blind, biting rage of the gorilla has flamed up in his heart. The memory of those crises when the wild man within us has almost broken the chains of custom and discipline, lends a fearful interest to the careers of a Mrs. Gunness or a Mrs. Rushworth, and makes us echo Wesley's sigh of relief, "But for the grace of God, there am I."

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

The death of François-Édouard-Joachim Coppée of the French Academy was announced in a dispatch from Paris on Saturday. Born in Paris, in 1842, he received his early education in the Lycée St. Louis, and then secured an appointment in the French War Department. But his inclination lay toward the literary life; and he had scarcely emerged from boyhood when he published his first efforts in romantic verse, which, imitative as they naturally were, yet revealed unmistakable signs of poetic genius. He was one of the most distinguished of the band of "Parnassians," who published a volume of poems in 1866. Soon afterwards he printed a collection of his own verse, called "Le Reliquaire," and a little later a second book, "Poèmes modernes," of which two pieces, "La Bénédiction" and "La Grève des forgerons" were recited all over France, and attained great popularity.

But nothing contributed more to establish his literary fame than the tender little play, "Le Passant," which was produced in 1869 at the Odéon, and was rewarded with prompt critical and public appreciation. It has provided Sarah Bernhardt with the inspiration for one of her most artistic achievements. His "Fais ce que dois," a dramatic episode in one act, charged with lofty, patriotic spirit, and written in fine, heroic verse, was received at the Odéon, in 1871, with acclamation, and created similar enthusiasm throughout France, which still was quivering in the bitterness of defeat. A second piece, conceived along the same lines, and with similar patriotic intent, "Les Bijoux de la délivrance," had an almost equally fervent reception. Other plays that belong to this early period are "Deux douleurs," "L'Abandonnée," "Le Luthier de Crémone," and "Le Petit marquis." Among later plays may be mentioned "La Guerre de cent ans," written in collaboration with D'Artois; "Le Trésor," a one-act comedy; "Madame de Maintenon," an ambitious drama in five acts and in verse; "Severo Torelli"; "Les Jacobites"; and "Le Pater," which dealt with the Commune. His greatest triumph, however, was won in 1895, by his fine romantic drama, "Pour la couronne," which was compared by several of the most eminent French critics to some of the great masterpieces of ancient classic literature. The subject, dealing with supposed incidents in the struggle of the Bulgarians against the Turks, was one which appealed with special force to French susceptibilities, and the play had a most prosperous run. A translation of it by John Davidson was successfully presented in London, with Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the leading parts. In this country the piece was put upon the stage, in admirable fashion, by Edward Vroom, but failed to meet with appreciation.

Several collections of his poems, published during his prime, were crowned by the Academy. We may name "Les Humbles," dealing with the virtues of the poor; "L'Exilée," "Les Mois," "La Marchande de journaux," and "Arrières saisons." All of them bore the distinguishing marks of his fine workmanship, ardent patriotism, and delicate fancy. He was also the author of several novels and of more than one collection of short tales, all of which found eager readers. Some of the better known titles of his works are "Toute une jeunesse," "Une Idylle pendant le siège," and "La Bonne souffrance."

For a number of years Coppée was librarian to the French Senate, and was then appointed keeper of the archives of the Comédie Française. This post he resigned in 1884, on being elected a member of the Academy. Four years later he was promoted to be an officer of the Legion of Honor. During all these years he continued to live on the Rive Gauche, a figure beloved of the students who would address him as *Cher Maître*. After his first connection with the Parnassians he remained somewhat apart from the changing schools of Paris. For symbolism he had only an amused toleration.

The death of Coppée is the fourteenth in the ranks of the French Immortals within less than five years. Fourteen out of forty is a high ratio, even considering that men who enter the Academy are no longer young; it is the best-known names that are bound to disappear first. Any country would feel itself the poorer if within a short five years it had to suffer the loss of such men as Brunetière, Sully-Prudhomme, Heredia, Theuriet, Berthelot, Ludovic Halévy, and François Coppée. Of these seven all but one have died in a little over a year.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Worthington C. Ford, in his letter in the *Nation* of May 21, telling of a manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography lately acquired by the Library of Congress, closes by saying that it "deserves to rank second among the manuscript copies of the Autobiography, the first being that in Franklin's own writing." This original, in Franklin's own autograph, is now owned by a private collector in Brooklyn. It was composed at four different periods, and at different places; and it consists of 119 leaves, folio, varying slightly in size, containing 234 pages. Franklin took his folio leaf and creased it by folding it down the middle. The narrative was written on one-half of the page, the other half being reserved for additions and corrections. Frequent use was made of this wide margin. The first section was written in 1771 at Twyford, at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, and is paged, by Franklin himself, from 1 to 87. Page 71, smeared with ink, which was probably spilled upon it accidentally, was rewritten by Franklin, the lines on this sheet extending entirely across the page. The second portion was written at Passy in 1784, and is paged 88-104. The third and larger portion was written after Franklin's return to America. It begins, "I am now about to write at home, Aug't, 1788,—but cannot have the help expected from my Papers, many of them being lost in the War." It is paged 104 to 213, but pages 191 to 200 are repeated in the numbering. This portion brings the history of his life down to July 27, 1757, and is the end of the Autobiography as printed by Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin. The later portion, pages 213 to 220, which was first published by John Bigelow in 1868, from this manuscript, was written during the last year of Franklin's life in the intervals of suffering from disease. Preceding the Autobiography are two leaves added later in another handwriting. Page 1 is a title, "The life of Benjamin Franklin, an autographical [*sic*] manuscript." Pages 2 and 3 contain a memorandum, in French and English, on opposite pages, giving the history of the manuscript. The English rendering (written evidently by a Frenchman) is, in full, as follows:

> The life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself. The only manuscript entirely of his handwriting. Dr. Franklin, when ambassador in France, was very intimate with Mr. Le Veillard, gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi, his neighbour in Passy near Paris. He presented his friend with a fine copy of the memories of his own life. When William Temple Franklin, Dr. Franklin's grand-son, came to Europa, in order to publish the Works of his illustrious grandfather, he required from Mrs. Le Veillard (Mr. Le Veillard had perished on the revolutionary scaffold) the correct and fine copy given by his grand-father, as more convenient for the printer. "If I give it to you, I shall have nothing more of our friend." "I will give you, in place of the copy, the original manuscript of my grandfather." In this manner the original and only manuscript, came by inheritance into the hands of Mr. de Senarmont, Mr. le Veillard's grand-nephew.

The translation by Le Veillard described by Mr. Ford, must have been made from "the correct and fine copy," which Franklin gave him, and which probably lacked the fourth portion.

The Greek manuscript of the Gospels, written on 304 leaves of vellum, and ascribed to the twelfth century, which was sold with the Edward H. Lowe Library by the Anderson Auction Company in this city on May 21, brought $1,175. At the same sale a copy of Hawthorne's first book, "Fanshawe, a Tale," 1828, in the original boards, cloth back, paper label, brought $510. A first edition of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" was bid up to $114.

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Correspondence.

PROPER WORK OF A GRADUATE SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No one is likely to see more clearly than the teacher of graduate students how much of truth there is in your editorial of May 14 on a "School of Authorship," and in the editorials of like kind which are not infrequent in the *Nation*. Because I sympathize with so much that you say, I am moved to ask if you are taking quite all the case into account. As I understand it, the object of a graduate school is not culture; it is scholarship. It is as much a professional school as a law school. Its avowed object is to train the investigator, and the teacher of the higher grades, not of the lower, and only incidentally of the intermediate.

Is the criticism of a graduate school that its studies do not conduce to culture, or to authorship of the artistic literary kind, more in place than it would be of a medical school? Has not the student who seeks these things from graduate study been badly advised? Were they the chief product of such a school, would it seem to be doing the work intended of it as a department of the university and would it not stand in need of reform? Is it not essential to the advance of civilization that the scholarship of the world be maintained and the sum of things known be increased? It must be admitted, however, that no professional school has yet learned how to prevent the occasional graduation of a quack, nor any faculty how to avoid the occasional appointment of an ass to be a professor.

Again, a graduate school, whose business is training in scholarship, must have something definite to teach which can be taught. Now I think it is very generally the belief of practical teachers that, after the more elementary ranges of instruction are passed, it is not possible directly, or even with any real success indirectly, to teach culture or literary authorship. I think it is the general experience of universities in all lands, and in all subjects of study that when these things are made the chief objects sought, except by the very unusual teacher who is as much the gift of the gods as the maker of true literature, and as rare, the result is a fatty degeneration. The respect of the student himself is lost and the work fails to accomplish the purpose sought, or any worth while. The place to try for such ends is in the undergraduate department, but even there if they are too directly sought, the result is apt to be the same, and the course of study of the unfortunate instructor becomes known in the student dialect as a "soft," or "snap" course, or by some less euphonious term. My own opinion is, however, clear that in the college the risk of such a deplorable classification ought to be run, with due vigilance on the part of the instructor to avoid it, until he finds it cannot be avoided. In respect to the graduate school the attempt seems to me at present out of place.

You write chiefly of the departments of English and history, and in this respect they have many points in common. History is, however, the best case because almost every one seems to feel that high literary accomplishment in that field is attainable by labor and pains, and that such a result is the primary purpose of historical writing. I am quite ready to admit that this will be a legitimate purpose of the ultimate and final history, and that the story of the human race is likely to be the grandest theme of all time. In order, however, that such a work should be written, and that it should be at the same time history, it is first necessary that the facts should be known in so far as they can be established by careful investigation. It is necessary to be able to distinguish what we can know from what we cannot. If the purpose is literature only, merely to entertain, or to point a moral, or to write a drama, it is not necessary to know more than the surface appearance of the facts, and apparently much history has been written in that way. Some of it may very likely retain its place in literature.

We still read Carlyle for his vivid picture of a nation in the white heat of passion, but I doubt if any one would think of going to him for the history of the French revolution, as history. Michelet is, perhaps, a better example, for it is doubtful if any historical work was ever received, or ever will be, with so universal an outburst of applause from contemporaries, as his. Michelet is still read, and he deserves to be long read, for the potent stimulus which his eloquent pages furnish to historic interest and insight, but no one would dream of quoting him as an authority upon any uncertain fact of history. Gibbon is, so far as I now recall, the only example from a past distant enough to give us the right to judge, whose work retains something like its original position, both as literature and history, but this is not due to its literary quality. It is due to the fact that in him occurred the combination almost unique as yet, of a literary gift and a scientific command of the material, so far as science and material were possible to his age. Without this his work would have survived, if it survived at all, merely as literature.

I am afraid that the man who is ambitious to write a great literary work in history, for a long time to come, will either have to submit himself to a severe training in historical criticism, preferably in some good graduate school, which he can do without quenching the spark of genius, if he has it in him, or be content at no distant day to have his fame rest upon the literary side of his work alone as truly as if he had written a formal drama. For most of us ambition must be more modest. Very few can hope to realize a dream of literary achievement. Any industrious student of good intellect can hope to aid in bringing on the time when the drama of human history can be truly written. To enable him to do this, and while doing it to hand on to others what past laborers have found out of how best to do it, is the object of the graduate school. That the purpose to which you would call us is, in the ultimate balance of things, a higher one, at least in English and history, I think we should all admit. We are, indeed, conscious enough of this to make it of little use to reiterate the fact. If it can be shown that there is some practicable method of accomplishing such a purpose, of really accomplishing it, while supplying the world's need of scholars, I am sure we shall all be grateful.

GEORGE B. ADAMS.

New Haven, May 21.

Professor Adams's criticism is directed rather toward the letter of Dr. Stuart P. Sherman, in our issue of May 14, than toward our editorial comment. Dr. Sherman complained that graduate school instruction stifles literary taste and aspiration:

> Original literary power is the very thing that the graduate school should nourish. This, however, is the thing that the graduate school ignores, mocks, seeks to discourage.

Our comment was that the primary aim of the graduate school is not to produce authors, but teachers. It encourages specialization, not wide intellectual ranging. "The man who goes to a graduate school in order to become an author is patronizing the wrong shop." And we reached a conclusion not far from that of Professor Adams:

> We can hardly ask the ordinary graduate school to abandon its present work and change the whole direction of its energies for the sake of our intending essayists, novelists, and poets.

—[ED. NATION.

GRADUATE INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You published in your issue of May 14 a letter from a correspondent, in which he frames an indictment against the graduate instruction in English literature given in our Eastern universities; and in your editorial comment you seem to accept the validity of the accusation.

Your correspondent declares that the young graduates of Western colleges, gifted with a keen sense of literary excellence, go hopefully to the graduate schools of the East expecting to advance steadily to higher levels and broader prospects. He asserts that they then meet with sad disappointment, since "they are bidden to provide themselves with an adding machine to count the occurrence of 'flesh' and 'fish' in the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; they are asked to hearken to the vowels and consonants singing together through the Dark Ages," and "they are set astride an enchanted broomstick and sent chasing Cuchulinn through the Celtic moonlight."

This is a grotesque picture, but it is the result of looking at the actual facts with the spectacles of prejudice. The graduate schools in the East to which Western students are most likely to go to study English literature are Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Johns Hopkins. If your correspondent had taken the precaution of glancing over a list of the recent dissertations of these four universities, I think he would not have ventured to write his letter. I doubt if he would have found any support for his contention in the subjects treated at Harvard, at Yale, and at Johns Hopkins; and I know he would have found none in those treated at Columbia. Our dissertations must be published; and here is the latest list issued by the Columbia University Press: "Scott as a Literary Critic," "Outlines of the Literary History of Colonial Pennsylvania," "The Early American Novel," "The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century," "A Study of

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Shelley's 'Cenci,'" and "Studies in New England Transcendentalism." No one of the students dealing with these subjects has been "set to burrow in a gopher-hole," and no one of them has had to provide himself either with an adding-machine or an enchanted broomstick.

I note another statement of your correspondent, which is quite as fantastic and remote from the fact as that I have already commented upon. He sees fit to assert that "the very best men do not enter upon graduate study at all; the next best drop out after a year's experiment; the most unfit survive and become doctors of philosophy." As I read this, I recalled almost at random a few of the men who have taken the doctorate at Columbia within the past eight or nine years: Prof. J. E. Spingarn, Prof. F. W. Chandler, Prof. John Erskine, Mr. Ferris Greenslet, men who possess, all of them, solid scholarship and the gift of expression. Highly as I have rated the majority of the graduate students with whom I have had the pleasure of working, I must confess that I have failed to rate them highly enough—if Messrs. Spingarn, Chandler, Erskine, and Greenslet are examples of "the most unfit" who survive and become doctors of philosophy. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Columbia University, May 18.

WHAT A DARWINIAN IS NOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter in the *Nation* of May 14 there are two references to "Darwinians" which appear to be flings of some description, though it is difficult to arrive at their exact connotation. It would seem that unfair and belittling references to Darwin and his methods are going to outlast the centenary of his birth and the fifth decade since the "Origin of Species." Regarding the application of pseudo-scientific methods to literature, there is probably much to be deprecated, but there is no excuse for labelling the industrious counters of b's and p's "Darwinians."

It appears at times as if the sorrowful admission of Darwin that he could no longer, in his old age, appreciate poetry, art, and music has been the only thing about that great and good man that has taken hold upon the minds of the champions of culture. And so, when it is desirable to call up the concept of one dulled by scientific research to the niceties of life, the thing to do is to refer to a "Darwinian." Let Goethe adumbrate the evolutionary theory, and it is poetic insight or what-not; but let Darwin grasp the idea in all its fullness, and prove it to even the "hodcarriers of science," and it is gross grubbing, or worse. Evidence is "shovelfuls of facts," the compelling appeal to the intellect is objective presentation, "embanked and barricaded with notes."

I do not mean to say that the letter to which I refer gives example of more than a conventional usage, but it affords a text notwithstanding for remarks upon what is behind the convention. For instance, people with Darwinian tendencies are here assumed to be averse to generalization and generalizers; and they "shun popularity as they do the devil." But Darwin was the grandest generalizer of the past century, as is proved by the fact that Darwinism is now built into the foundations of modern thought. Let Weismann tell how, up to Darwin's time, men stood in a maze before the infinite variety of the organic world—how naturalists described types, labelled them, and left them—until Darwin, by a sheer feat of the scientific imagination, seized the elemental principles upon which all this complexity became explicable, and made other men see them and acknowledge them. Before Darwin it was mostly "Grübeln"; thereafter the harmonies of things stood forth. Again, as to popularity: Huxley was certainly a Darwinian—one of the first two or three—but who has done more to popularize science's achievements, and their bearing upon life and its theories and philosophies, and in a style, withal, not "unrelieved by humor or feeling," and not the least literary of his age? Certainly, he was not "suspicious of felicity of expression." Nor, indeed, was Darwin. It is true that Darwin was not, as he himself said, a "clever man like Huxley"; any one who takes pains to read those letters of his which set forth the heartening sight of a strong and humble soul, readily appreciates the cost to him of being clear and happy in expression. But I do not know where in the essayists and poets one will find a more haunting impression of the reverence of man before Nature than in certain passages in the "Origin of Species"; the language-medium is used with at least sufficient skill and "felicity" to convey what the poets not seldom strive for in vain.

There is no quarrel with felicity of expression, except as it becomes an end in itself. Darwin never wrote elegant nothings concerning caviar or marmalade, it is true; but he had something great to say, and he said it so that it could not easily be improved upon in the matter of clarity, logic, feeling, and even humor. Also, he wrote or supervised the writing of no German theses; he never delved without some wide generalization in view. He deserves in no respect that an uninspired soul who insists upon "digging clams with a derrick" along the shores of English literature, should be called a "Darwinian" in reproach. There is somewhat too much of this superior attitude toward scientific method in general. It is perhaps pardonable in view of the unedifying fatuousness of certain "scientists"; but to affix the adjective "Darwinian" to concepts of this nature is to misrepresent one to whom the world owes such sum of honor as is due to the greatest.

ALBERT G. KELLER.

Yale University, May 19.

AUTHORS AND TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial of May 14 you trifle suggestively with the idea of a "graduate school of authorship," and then seem to relegate it to the limbo of ideas Utopian. Your title is a little damaging to the plea set forth in my letter of the same date. Now, as a matter of fact, I am primarily interested in the production of teachers, and not, as your editorial suggests, in the production of authors. (These rare creatures I regard as possible and fortunate by-products of a thoroughly sound school for the higher teachers.) Therefore, I particularly welcomed your definition of the proper aim of the graduate school: "to turn out teachers." My earlier faith in this obscure matter coincided with yours, but it has been much shaken—for example: by a teaching doctor of philosophy who naïvely inquired of a colleague what Dryden thought of Rousseau; by another who expressed his opinion that the successors of Shakespeare can be distinguished from the predecessors only by the dates; most of all, perhaps, by a professor of English literature, doctor of philosophy and contributor to learned journals of many articles on Anglo-Saxon syntax, who gravely informed his classes year after year that Burke was an ardent champion of the French Revolution. These things and others of like nature unsettled me so thoroughly that I was singularly surprised and delighted to hear you reaffirm my old belief. The cause of my difficulty became clear: in an instant, it flashed over me that a knowledge of Dryden, Rousseau, the Elizabethans, Burke, and the French Revolution was no necessary part of the equipment of a university teacher—otherwise, of course, the graduate schools would have insisted upon it. My illumination increased as I read on in your editorial and found that a "school of authorship would need a different organization" from anything now existing, that there would have to be extensive reading, and "hard discipline in reflection and assimilation." Such organization of study would put the young author in a fair way to become acquainted with some of the important men and facts of the modern world. To the author, then, such knowledge is indispensable; to the university teacher, it is not—clear as a conclusion in geometry!

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., May 16.

STOLEN LETTERS OF PENN AND LORD HOLLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A Grangerized copy of Faulkner's "History of Kensington" (London) was sold by auction in Kensington on the 18th of March last, and was bought by a gentleman with a view to its being ultimately placed in the Kensington Public Library. After having been delivered to him, it was found that at least two autograph letters were missing. One was a lengthy signed letter of William Penn. This letter is of considerable value. Another letter missing was of Henry Fox, Lord Holland. As it is possible that one or both of these letters may be offered for sale in the United States, the purchasers are communicating with collectors, institutions, and well-known dealers who are likely to be approached in such matters.

They request me to say that they will be much indebted to you if you will mention this loss in your widely-read journal. They feel confident that all collectors, institutions, as well as dealers of repute, would like to aid them in recovering property missing under such circumstances. Any communications addressed to Messrs. B. F. Stevens & Brown, Trafalgar Square, London, W. C., or the Chief Librarian, Public Library, Kensington High Street, London, W., will be much appreciated.

HERBERT JONES,
Chief Librarian, Kensington Public Libraries, London, W.

London, May 11.

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BITING THE BITER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I recently wrote in your columns (January 2) on the unmoral methods of auction cataloguers of manuscripts, methods which could only be intended to mislead the buyer and increase the profits of the dealer or seller. I was amused by the published comments on my letter of a well-known dealer in autographs, who admitted the prevalence of the methods characterized, and their purpose of taking in the "ignorant rich." The latter could not be "induced to buy anything unless a great hurrah is made over it, and unless they see a chance to get some advertising out of it. They want the item to be sensational, either truly or falsely, and they want to pay a big price for it." But he would not admit that there was any real harm in such misleading catalogues, as the buyer would be perfectly happy in his purchase—as also, he should have added, would be the seller.

I am still more amused to learn from a published statement that this same dealer purchased at auction in London a Voltaire letter which was not a Voltaire manuscript at all, and he rails thus at the situation:

> No matter how falsely the item may have been catalogued; no matter how much to blame the auctioneers may be for having catalogued an item wrongly—the poor American buyer must pay for it just the same.

The obvious lesson to be drawn is that it is fun and morals to "skin" a rich American but wrong and unmoral to play the same trick on a dealer. There is a vast amount of dishonesty, we hope unconscious rather than conscious, in autograph dealings, and when those who should be in a position to know—the few recognized dealers—stoop to deceive, it is well to call attention to their position.

Worthington C. Ford.

Washington, May 20.

BETTER ELEMENTARY TRAINING NEEDED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial paragraph in your issue of May 7 concerning higher education in the South suggests to my mind the reflection that what is really needed is elementary training, a foundation. I meet again and again young women, college graduates, who cannot write two pages of good English on current topics. A good foundation, a good elementary education, prepares for college or life.

The country is cursed with schools and teachers who propose to prepare pupils for some specified goal. Ask pupils or teachers of these schools or classes to give a résumé of the career of Julian the Apostate; ask them to sum up the main points of Browning's "Toccata of Galuppi's"; allow from one to three days for preparation after assignments are made, and watch the result. To read the classics of one's own language readily and to be able to summarize in language fairly correct the result of the reading is a distinct gain in intellectual activity; and should form a test at every stage of preparation.

L. G. Crozier.

Cincinnati, May 14.

AN ANCIENT BATTLEDORE FOR QUAKERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

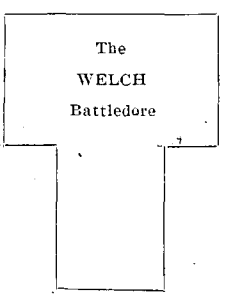
Sir: The word *battledore* was doubtless originally applied to the horn-book on account of its resemblance to that instrument.

In the eighteenth century Benjamin Collins of Salisbury, England, who was associated with John Newbery, immortalized by Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield" as "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard," invented a three-folding cardboard A. B. C., containing also two short spelling lessons, the Lord's Prayer, the Arabic numerals, and six small wood engravings; the reverse was covered with the "flowery and gilt Dutch paper" then so much in vogue for the decoration of books for children. Collins called this "The British," "The Imperial," and "The Royal Battledore"—as there were three varieties, with slightly differing contents. Between 1771 and 1780 over 100,000 of them were sold at fourpence plain and sixpence colored.

But it would appear that the word battledore had at an earlier date taken wider hold of the public mind as connoting an instrument of education. Thanks to Dr. W. C. Lane, the librarian of Harvard, I recently encountered a rare and remarkable volume printed about 1660:

> A
> BATTLEDOOR
> *for*
> Teachers and Professors
> to learn
> Plural and Singular.
> *You* to many and *thou* to one;
> Singular one, *Thou*: Plural many, *You*.
>
> That now why the teachers of the world, schollars and schoolmasters teach people and children which will not have People nor children speak *Thou* to *one* and *you* to *many* is not sense, nor good Latine nor good English, nor Greek nor Hebrew. Therefore to you that stumble at the word *Thou* to a particular is this.
>
> The light which Christ hath enlightened you withall believe in the annoynting within you, you may know to teach you.
> GEO. FOX.

This battledore deals not alone with the English language, but with Latin, Greek, German, French, Hebrew, Italian, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Æthiopic, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Low Dutch, Cornish, and others—thirty-eight languages in all—and each section is prefaced by a half-title printed in the exact shape of a horn-book or battledore, thus:



The insistence on the correct use of the plural and singular is full of tiresome reiterations; and the whole book is written in the involved and obscure style of the legends quoted above. It is not a little remarkable that many of the very faults in usage which this work seeks to correct were a few years ago still existing in common speech in remoter districts of England, and doubtless they survive in some places to-day. At the end of the book is a collection of curious and slashing criticisms of some of the educational books of the time, such as "Pueriles Confabulatiunculæ," "Colloquia Scholastica," "A Treatise of English Particles," by W. W., "Antient Adages and Sententious Proverbs from English, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish," by T. Drake. The whole book, which is most curious, is a painstaking and pedantic plea for the Quaker method of speech. The author, George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, was assisted by John Stubs of Bishoprick and B. Furley of Colchester, both members of the same sect.

The book is very rare. The Harvard copy is well preserved in the original binding; a fine example in similar binding, but with brass clasps, is in the library of the Friends' Meeting House in Bishopsgate Street, London.

Charles Welsh.

Winthrop, Mass. May 12.

"BARBADOSED MEN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Hardly a book about the great Civil War, the Monmouth rising, or the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745 has been published but some reference is made to prisoners transported to Barbados. "We have made an active verb of it, 'to barbados you,'" notes Carlyle in Cromwell's "Letters and Speeches." But as soon as these broken men are shipped from England, darkness falls upon them. For all one hears of them afterwards they might have passed into the tomb.

First of the voyage. What was their experience, pent for four or five weeks aboard that small vessel, bound for America? Is anything preserved that describes such a voyage? Are we afforded at all a glimpse into the hold of a vessel whose cargo was Irishmen from Drogheda, or Redshanks from Dunbar, or West Countrymen from Sedgemoor? In his valuable "Original Lists of Emigrants," John Camden Hotten published some bills of lading of the Betty, the John Friggat, and the Jamaica Marchant, conveying Monmouth rebels to Barbados, from which one may gather the mortality on the passage—the number and names of those who, in the brutal words of the lading, "dyed since they were reced on board and were thrown over board." What of vessels conveying other prisoners of war? Is anything preserved, in British or American libraries, showing what were the conditions aboard?

Then secondly, what of life in the plantation itself? After the vessel had anchored in the bay and the planter had boarded and had bought what men or women he wanted and had sent them ashore to be taken to their wattle-and-daub hovels, what of the bondservant as he toiled day by day, along with the African, under a Barbados sun? In his "History of Barbados," Ligon has described briefly the "Christian" as observed in Barbados during three years, 1647-50. Unfortunately Ligon was more interested in the natural history of Barbados than in "barbadosed men," and he devoted many pages to the pineapple and the

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palmetto royal that one would he had devoted to the Christian servant. There were many wild Irish in Barbados then—skulking in part among the wooded and inaccessible gullies—and there were also a few kilted Scots, one of whom, kilt and all, adorns Ligon's map of the island. But in a volume of 122 delightful pages the "Christian," poor wretch, is dispatched in three.

Apart from Henry Pitman, whose "Relation," reprinted by Professor Arber, is disappointingly barren about Barbados, did no bondservant write some small account of the island? Many of the prisoners of war were illiterate: of 127 men "barbadosed" after Culloden Moor, 115 attested their indenture by mark; but some were penmen of a sort, and a few, such as Pitman himself, were educated gentlemen. Did they not pen an account of their lot in Barbados to kin in Dorsetshire or Argyll? In a volume of the Lauderdale Papers, it is stated of the Highlanders at the end of the seventeenth century that "the Barbados doth no longer terrifay them." One may therefore infer that some bruit of Barbados had reached Scotland in some way.

Perhaps something may be preserved in the State libraries or manuscript collections of North America. The terms of banishment for those broken men were that they were to remain for the term of their natural lives, "in some one or other of the American Plantations." Hotten shows (pp. 347-418, "Tickets granted to emigrants from Barbados") that many bondservants after their times were out, passed on to Virginia, New England, and other North American plantations. It is not unlikely that some of the emigrants were prisoners of war whose seven or ten years indenture had expired. Is any instance known of a prisoner of war, hailing from Barbados, writing a paper or publishing a pamphlet of his sufferings in that island, after he came north? Of an evening, he may have told his sad story to a friend who, feeling the pathos of it, used it in a small way, as well as the town printing-press would allow, for literary purposes. Reference to any book, pamphlet, or manuscript that would throw light on the bondservant's voyage to Barbados, his labor in that island, or his adventures afterwards when he passed to the Northern plantations, would be welcomed by the writer. I exclude the books already quoted, also the Calendars of State Papers, Am. and W. I., which are available in British Guiana.

J. GRAHAM CRUICKSHANK.

Audit Department, Georgetown, British Guiana, May 11.

Notes.

The R. E. Lee Company announces the first edition in book form of William Austin's "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," which, as it appeared originally in the *New England Galaxy*, for September 10, 1830, excited much interest and comment throughout the country. The sequel, written by Austin a few years later, will also be included in the new publication. Col. T. W. Higginson, in an Introduction, writes of Austin as a precursor of Hawthorne. Another reprint from the R. E. Lee Company will be "The Debate of the Body and the Soul," which some years ago the late Prof. F. J. Child of Harvard modernized from an early fourteenth-century manuscript, and printed privately as a gift for his friends. To the present issue Prof. G. L. Kittredge contributes an Introduction.

Early next month G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish Garrett C. Pier's "Inscriptions of the Nile Monuments," a book of reference for tourists, which gives translations of the inscriptions along the river, with comments by the editor and illustrations. From the same house will come John M. Dillon's "Motor Days in England."

Henry Altemus Company of Philadelphia announces a forthcoming book by Grover Cleveland, called "Good Citizenship."

As a sign of the times, we note the appearance of the first number of the *American Colonial Review and Intertropical Magazine*. There is also an edition in Spanish, though the matter is not entirely identical with that in the English copy. The aim of this new venture is, as stated by the editor, L. V. de Abad, to discuss "the questions and facts of peculiar interest" both to Spanish Americans and citizens of the United States, giving "due weight to the aspirations of each country." We observe in this issue for May a long article on Cuban affairs, with particular reference to Gov. Magoon's official report. Referring to the proposed elections next April, the *Review* urges delay, saying:

We are not so optimistic as Mr. Magoon. Apart from the many details that must be attended to prior to an election, it is desirable that when the drafts of the municipal and election laws made by the Advisory Commission are published they should be seriously considered by the Cuban people; and the time spent in weighing the opinions of the Cuban people as to these laws will not be time lost.

John Halsham's "Idlehurst," or, as the sub-title properly runs, "A Journal Kept in the Country," after a life of ten years, has been brought out in a second edition by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book is unchanged, save for a few verbal corrections.

E. P. Dutton & Co. send out fifty-three volumes which have just been added to Everyman's Library. Notwithstanding the lowering of the price, the quality of printing and editing has been maintained. In the department of Religion and Philosophy we note Sir J. R. Seeley's "Ecce Homo," with an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge; and Rowland E. Prothero's "Psalms in Human Life"; in the Classics, the second volume of Euripides, translated by Shelley, Dean Milman, and others; in Poetry and the Drama, Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," edited for the modern reader by Arthur Burrell; George Herbert's "Temple," with an introduction by Edward Thomas; Herrick's "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers," by Ernest Rhys; Wordsworth's Longer Poems, also edited by Mr. Rhys; and Cary's Translation of the "Divina Commedia," edited by Edmund G. Gardner. In the Chaucer the spelling has been "slightly modernized"; moreover, "some care has been taken to preserve Chaucer's melody." The additions to Essays and Belles Lettres are Thoreau's "Walden," by Walter Raymond; Emerson's "English Traits" and "Representative Men," by Mr. Rhys; Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," by Grace Rhys; Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" and "Heroes and Hero-Worship," by William Henry Hudson; and Machiavelli's "Prince," translated by W. K. Marriott; to Travel and Topography, Marco Polo and Vols. III. and IV. of Hakluyt's "Voyages," edited by John Masefield; Giraldus Cambrensis's "Itinerary Through Wales," in the translation of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, edited by W. Llewelyn Williams; and Lane's "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," by Mr. Rhys; to History, Arthur Murphy's translation of the "Annals," the "Germania" and the "Agricola" of Tacitus; and Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," by Mr. Rhys; Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," by Thomas Seccombe; to Biography, Cromwell's "Letters and Speeches," as presented by Carlyle; Lewes's "Life of Goethe," with an introduction by Havelock Ellis; and Voltaire's "History of Charles XII.," translated by Winifred Todhunter, and introduced by John Burns. Mr. Burns says: "To Charles the Twelfth of Sweden I owe much of what has stood me in best stead all my life." In the section of Romance the Niebelungenlied is translated by Margaret Armour. Fiction includes Defoe's "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and "Journal of the Plague Year"; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," with an introduction by Whitelaw Reid; Dickens's "Little Dorrit," "Our Mutual Friend," "Hard Times," "American Notes," "Pictures from Italy," and "Child's History of England"—the latter volumes put under this head in order to make up a uniform edition of Dickens; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley"; Charles Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake"; Reade's "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone"; Herman Melville's "Omoo"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped"; and translations of Balzac's "Les Chouans," "La Recherche de l'absolu," and a volume of short stories. For Young People there are Kingsley's "Water Babies" and "Glaucus"; Abbott's "Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play"; and Ballantyne's "Ungava."

The Beacon Biographies of Small, Maynard & Co. have been resumed, after the silence of several years, with a volume on "Edgar Allan Poe," by John Macy. It is written in a subdued key, with here and there an epigrammatic touch. Mr. Macy tells the familiar, sad story, neither extenuating nor condemning. His critical comment, interspersed throughout the narration, runs for the most part in the common groove, although occasionally we can not follow him. Thus, there would seem to be some lack of appreciation as well as a union of things disparate in such a paragraph as this:

The same persons will be haunted by "The Raven," and all Poe's best poems, who respond to the divine insanities of Blake, the sometimes hollow enchantments of Mr. Swinburne, and who are fain to worship the painted lady leaning out from Rossetti's painted heaven. For the rest, as Neal said, "Why waste words upon them?"

As an aftermath of the one-hundredth anniversary of Whittier's birth, celebrated at the Essex Institute or Salem, we have a reprint of Mrs. Abby J. Woodman's "Reminiscences of John Greenleaf Whittier's Life at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass." Whittier went to live at Oak Knoll, the

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home of Col. Edmund Johnson, in 1875. This was in the full tide of his fame, and Mrs. Woodman's reminiscences bring in the names of Paul H. Hayne and other pilgrims to the old poet. The booklet contains, also, a list of the first editions, portraits, engravings, manuscripts, and personal relics of Whittier exhibited at the Institute at the time of the centenary.

"The Poets: Chaucer to Tennyson" (Henry Frowde), is the title of William Stebbing's two volumes, but its sub-title, "Impressions," should not be omitted. The work is not impressionistic in the technical or reprehensible sense; there is no flaunting of personal opinion against tradition, no wanton romanticism, no sceptical trifling, no striving after subtle and questionable effects. It is merely that the author has chronicled the various pleasures impressed on his memory during many years of intercourse with the English poets. The pages are not rich in ideas or striking discriminations, but they are sound and genial, and might well entice a hesitating reader back to the paradise of English dainties. Mr. Stebbing exhibits no theory of inclusion or elimination beyond what has given him pleasure, but his pleasure is conditioned by a genuinely cultivated taste. He can begin one section with the words "I rank Crabbe among the great poets," and immediately afterwards can speak of Blake as "a poet-prophet, who sang and prophesied for fifty years to a stone-deaf people." And this, we take it, is not the result of a desire to be universal, but of much and wise reading. Even the American poets—Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, and Lowell—receive full and just treatment. The quotations are so abundant as to make of the work a book of elegant extracts. Not an important work by any means, but one pleasant to read.

The second edition of Vincent Arthur Smith's "Early History of India" (New York: Henry Frowde), coming so soon after the first, duly reviewed in these columns (see *Nation* of February 9, 1905, p. 117), is a notable sign of the rapid progress of Indian studies. Half a century ago, Max Müller might well call the date of Chandragupta, or Sandrokottos, the "sheet-anchor of Indian chronology," and Whitney speak of all the rest as pins set up to be bowled down again. Travellers in Central Asia, archæologists, numismatists, epigraphists, and translators from Chinese, Arabic, Greek, Sanskrit, Pali, and Prakrit have changed all that, as Mabel Duff's "Chronology" and this "History" most clearly show. Alexander's campaign still occupies a large part of the book, as disproportionately ample as are the sources concerned. The Mauryan dynasty (B. C. 321-184), with the great figures of Chandragupta, Bindusara, and Asoka, takes only a few pages more; the reign of Harsha, twenty-three pages. The revision has been a careful one. Stein's travels compel the author to withdraw his identification of Mount Aornos with Mahaban. He holds the evangelization of Southern India by the apostle Thomas to be purely mythical (p. 222). Alexander, Buddha, and the famous pilgrims from China to the Holy Land of Buddhism—these are personalities which Mr. Smith's skill invests with the charm which is their due. The book has excellent maps and illustrations.

The tenth volume of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Government Printing Office) covers the first four months of 1778. With the country settled down to the acceptance of a prolonged war, albeit cheered by the surrender of Burgoyne, the business of Congress becomes somewhat less miscellaneous, and time is found for much needed reorganization of the military administration. The controversy over the carrying out of the terms of capitulation at Saratoga led, January 8, to an order suspending the embarkation of Burgoyne's army; and it was not until March 3 that Burgoyne himself was allowed to return to England. Congress still looked with longing eyes upon Canada, and on January 22 empowered Lafayette to make an "irruption" thitherward; but March 2 the plan was abandoned, and the works at Ticonderoga were presently ordered to be destroyed. The treatment of American prisoners by the British gave rise to much discussion, and to a correspondence with Howe which Congress regarded as highly unsatisfactory. In the management of the business, Washington, just then the object of much secret machination, was aggrieved, and on April 10 Congress voted him an elaborate letter of explanation. The personnel of the army and navy received attention, the most notable items being the dismissal of Esek Hopkins, January 2, and the appointment, March 2, of Nathanael Greene as quartermaster-general. Another offer of conciliation from Great Britain was vigorously repudiated, the employment of Indians authorized, and liberal inducements to desert offered to British officers and soldiers. In the relations with France, the chief step taken was the conclusion of the contract with Hortales & Co. for furnishing supplies. The censure of Thomas Burke of North Carolina, in April, for refusing obedience to a call of Congress, is a rather amusing illustration of the jealous regard of that body for its dignity and authority.

The Humanist Library, edited by Lewis Einstein, the accomplished and scholarly secretary of our Embassy at Constantinople, has been augmented by a volume on "Petrarch and the Ancient World," by Pierre de Nolhac. It is scarcely necessary at this date to call the attention of cultivated booklovers to this interesting series, printed from special type by the Merrymount Press of Boston, and illustrating the happiest combination of intrinsic charm and external taste. Leonardo da Vinci's "Thoughts on Art and Life," with an introduction by the general editor, and "Erasmus on War," edited by J. W. Mackail, have already appeared; and Sidney's "Defense of Poetry," with an introduction by G. E. Woodberry, is to follow. M. de Nolhac's essay on Petrarch is an abridged version of his monumental work on "Pétrarque et l'humanisme," of which a second edition has just appeared at Paris. He has selected for translation those portions only which might interest the general reader; and the work in its present form is the pleasantest of introductions to the study of Petrarch's relations to the revival of learning and to the beginnings of modern classical culture. All critical apparatus has been dispensed with, and pedantry of any kind is wholly absent. The translation is not all that it should be, but is doubtless adequate for its purpose.

We are in receipt of the third volume (1907) of the "Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau." The contents include "Les provincialismes suisses-romands et savoyards de Rousseau," by Alexis François; "Rousseau et Madame de Larnage," by Louis Aurenche; "Tolstoï continuateur de Rousseau," by I. Benrubi; "La Question du Pygmalion de Berlin," by Albert Jansen, Charles Malherbe, and Edgar Istel; and "Rousseau joueur d'échecs," by I. Grünberg. The Bibliography and Chronicle are as full as usual.

Prof. Friedrich Reuter of Erlangen, the well-known Rückert biographer, continues his contributions to the poet's life by publishing, under the title "Aus Friedrich Rückert's Leben. Nach Akten. II." (Ansbach: Brügel), a number of hitherto unknown Rückertiana from the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century. Most of them refer to the trials and disappointments of the last years of Rückert's stay in Erlangen, the troubles caused him by the reactionary Bavarian ministry, and the hopes of a new poetic activity aroused in him by the call to Berlin in 1841. It is pitiful to see how delusive these hopes were. Rückert was a recluse by nature, and he by no means filled the part which Frederick William IV. of Prussia desired him to play at his court. He felt out of his element in the brilliant and somewhat artificial intellectuality of Berlin salons; more than ever he retired within his own self. By concentrating his poetic power upon dramatic subjects, he attempted to win back the public attention which had been so richly accorded to his early lyrics. Thus there appeared between 1843 and 1845 the dramas "Saul und David," "Herodes der Grosse," "Heinrich IV.," and "Christofero Colombo"—all of which fell entirely flat. His activity as professor of Oriental languages, also, although it helped to produce such scholars as Paul de Lagarde and Max Müller, failed to attract the notice of wider cultivated circles. Apparently Rückert lacked the power of inspiring the many. So it came to pass that after a few years he would spend habitually only part of the winter in Berlin, devoting himself for the rest of the year to his garden and farm in the Thuringian Forest. The letters and documents published by Professor Reuter give many interesting details of this pathetic story.

"Allumschlingen: Melodien," by Emma Helbig (Munich: E. W. Bonsels), is a collection of lyrics from a new writer, who has marked individuality and promises even better things.

"Der Schimmelreiter," recently issued by Ginn & Co., is of interest to teachers of German as an additional story from Storm, author of the popular "Immensee." The editing is the combined work of Professors John MacGillivray of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., and E. J. Williamson of the University of Manitoba. Although it may be difficult to persuade the admirers of Storm that anything could excel the tale of Elizabeth and Reinhardt, there are critics who regard "Der Schimmelreiter" as Storm's masterpiece.

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How rich are the literary associations of the Germans on the peninsula between the North Sea and the Baltic may be seen from a welcome contribution to the literature of summer travel, "Meerumschlungen: ein literarisches Heimatbuch für Schleswig-Holstein" (New York: imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), edited by Richard Dosche. The book is a compilation of selections from various authors. Some of the pieces relate to the theme *Heimat;* others tell of the coast country, its people and their customs; and still others are reminiscential. Only living writers are represented, some forty-four, all born in the district. There are twenty-nine illustrations, mostly full-page drawings, by Herman Linde. What first strikes one in wandering with these authors in their *Meerumschlungen* or sea-girt country, is the extent to which Nature has impressed their minds and led their fancy. The sea is ever before them, the storm is lurking near or already breaking upon the coast, the sand hills vary the monotony of the landscape. There is an index of authors, and a general index.

In his "Geschichte der neuesten Zeit vom Frankfurter Frieden bis zur Gegenwart," Dr. Gottlob Egelhaaf covers modern historical developments to February of the current year. The author is a veteran in the literature of contemporary events, his first work of this kind having been published in 1875. The new book deals with all the nations. (Stuttgart: Carl Krabbe.)

Of the "Acta Borussica," the great collection of material for the economic history of Prussia, especially during the eighteenth century, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin and edited by Prof. G. Schmoller of the University of Berlin (Berlin: Paul Parey), the sixteenth volume has now appeared. It is announced that this work, of which the first volume came out in 1887, will not be completed for a quarter of a century.

Pastor Wilhelm Bruhn, in a book of 202 pages, entitled "Theosophie und Theologie" (Glückstadt: Max Hansens), describes first the modern theosophical movement, then explains the moral content of theosophy.

A recent small book by Pastor Johannes Steinbeck, "Das göttliche Selbstbewustsein Jesu nach dem Zeugnis der Synoptiker" (Leipzig: Deichert), aims to show that according to the Synoptic gospels also, and not only according to John, Jesus claimed for himself divine origin and character. The author defends, among other things, the virgin birth of Jesus.

In "Die wichtigsten Reformbestrebungen der Gegenwart auf dem Gebiete des Religionsunterrichts in der Volksschule" (Leipzig: Dörffling & Franke), Rector O. Eberhard, an experienced teacher of earnest Christian convictions, outlines the place of religion in popular education.

"Ohne des Gesetzes Werk" is the title of a new work by Prof. Georg Schnedermann of Leipzig, the special purpose of which is indicated by the sub-title, "Eine Anleitung zu selbständigem geschichtlichen Verständnis des Neuen Testaments." The work aims among other things to show the peculiar character of the New Testament system of truth even when that system is judged by the modern historical method. (Leipziz: Dörffling & Franke.)

The Orthodox Theological Encyclopædia, which was begun some few years ago, under the editorship of Prof. N. N. Glubokovskij, of the Ecclesiastical Academy in St. Petersburg, has now reached its eighth volume, coming down to the word Karmanov. This work is credited with being the best of the kind produced by the scholarship of the Eastern Church.

The programme for the fourth International Congress for Historical Sciences, to be held in Berlin August 6 to 12, is published in the *Internationale Wochenschrift,* No. 17. The work is to be divided into eight sections: (1) History of the Orient; (2) History of Hellas and Greece; (3) Political History of the Middle Ages and of Modern Times; (4) History of the Civilization and Thought of the Middle Ages and Modern Times; (5) History of Jurisprudence and Economics; (6) Church History; (7) History of Art; (8) Historical Auxiliary Sciences. No fewer than one hundred and fifty addresses have been announced. David J. Hill, recently appointed minister to Germany, will speak on "The Ethical Function of the Historian." The official languages will be German, English, French, Italian, and Latin.

After a half-century of collegiate teaching, Dr. Edward S. Joynes, professor of modern languages in the University of South Carolina, will retire in June, with the honor of a pension from the Carnegie Foundation. Probably few, if any, American professors have personally taught so many students in foreign tongues, and certainly no American professor living has so widely influenced the study of modern languages in America. Best known of all his many publications are the Joynes-Meissner German Grammar and his edition of Schiller's "Tell," but the many editorial acknowledgments in German, French, Spanish, and Italian works testify to the breadth of Professor Joynes's scholarship and his ready coöperation with others in the same field.

Prof. Hume Brown, well known for his work in Scottish history, has been appointed to the place of historiographer royal of Scotland, left vacant by David Masson.

Philip Loring Allen, a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post,* and a frequent and valued contributor to the *Nation,* died in this city May 26. He was born in Madison, Wis., in 1879, a son of Prof. William Francis Allen. After graduation from the University of Wisconsin, he came to the *Evening Post,* in 1899, as a reporter, and in the course of five years he rose by successive steps to the position of editorial writer. For his chosen career he had varied qualifications. Bookish from his childhood, he had read widely and his memory was tenacious. His keen interest in politics led him to amass information about public men and political movements, upon which he was able to draw quickly and instructively. He had a strong statistical bent, which gave body to his writing; while a vein of original humor lent a charm to his lighter productions. He was author of "America's Awakening" (1906), and of various short stories and magazine articles.

The death is announced from Paris of Madame de Witt, at the age of seventy-eight. She was the author of many stories for children and the translator of several important English works. As Henriette Guizot, daughter of the historian, she had assisted her father in his literary work, and had added a fifth volume to his "Histoire de France racontée à mes petits-enfants." In 1880 she published "Monsieur Guizot dans sa famille et avec ses amis."

Marcel Thibault, a promising historian, has died at the early age of thirty-three. He had already published "Isabeau de Bavière" and "La Jeunesse de Louis XI."

Franz Bücheler, professor of classical philology at the University of Bonn, has died in his seventy-first year. He was first professor at Freiburg, then at Greifswald, and in 1870 removed to Bonn. He wrote largely on classical subjects, and was an authority on Umbrian and other ancient Italian dialects.

From Altona comes the announcement of the death of Prince Emil Schönaich-Carolath, in his fifty-seventh year. After some experience in the army and extensive travelling, he had devoted himself to literature. His poems ("Don Juans Tot," "Lieder an eine Verlorene," etc.) and his novels ("Bürgerlicher Tot," "Adliger Tot," "Tauwasser") are in the tradition of Byron and Alfred de Musset.

SOCIALISM AND ITS CRITICS.

Capital: A Critique of Political Economy. Vol. II.: The Process of Circulation of Capital. By Karl Marx; edited by Frederick Engels; translated from the second German edition by Ernest Untermann. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

A Critical Examination of Socialism. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

New Worlds for Old. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

An Inquiry into Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. Third Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.

British Socialism: An Examination of its Doctrines, Policy, Aims, and Practical Proposals. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

English Socialism of To-day: Its Teachings and its Aims Examined. By the Rt. Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The Fundamental Fallacy of Socialism: An Exposition of the Question of Landownership, Comprising an Authentic Account of the Famous McGlynn Case. Edited by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.

The living philosophies of to-day are not those which at the bar of cool reason can proffer the strongest claims for recognition, but those which embody in largest measure the dominant class impulses of the age. Marx's Socialism sways thousands incapable of understanding a page of his work, because there slumbers in its ashes the hot resentment felt by the many against an industrial system which has raised their desires above their possible attainments. At the other pole, Nietzsche dominates the temper of those fierce individualistic strivings which have become calloused to collective needs and collective suffering. In a very true sense, therefore, it is impossible to "disprove Socialism," for Socialism is born

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not of proof but of passion. Its only disproof must come from remedying those conditions which give point to its paradoxes.

The present reprint of Untermann's translation of Volume II. of "Das Capital" from the second German edition varies essentially from its predecessor only in its more exact citation of authorities quoted. These were originally turned into English from the German without collating the renderings with the actual sources. Engels's prefaces of 1885 and 1893, now reprinted, indicate the intrinsic difficulty of reducing Marx's various manuscripts to a coherent and systematic whole. It is quite superfluous at this late day to enter upon any examination of Marx's system. To its devotees it is above criticism; to its critics its fallibility is self-evident. Marx's contention that value is merely the embodiment of labor-time, proportioned in each case to the duration of labor working with the customary mechanical appliances, has to-day few defenders even among advanced Socialists. This view neglects differences in productive capacity between the far-seeing enterpriser and the manual laborer. It assumes efficient machinery as springing automatically into being; and, worst of all, it assumes that value originates in the efforts of the producer rather than in the estimates of the consumer. Marx will serve, however, as a convenient point of departure in characterizing a recent swarm of writers who buzz around the eternal social question.

First comes the vivacious Mr. Mallock, with his so-called critical examination of Socialism. This volume, which begins with an examination of Marxian Socialism, owes its origin to the anti-Socialistic addresses made by Mr. Mallock in this country in the autumn of 1906, at the invitation of the Civic Federation. Haste in the preparation of the copy for the press must account for the absence of an index, and for such solecisms or misprints as occur on pages 38 (line 1), 61 (line 15), 89 (line 8), 146 (line 30), 185 (line 14), and 200 (line 9, note). It must be admitted that there is little in Mallock's criticism of Marx that is original. His attack is chiefly effective by reason of the sharp contrast he points between the Marxian doctrine and the Socialism of the succeeding generation. Marx contended, as Mr. Mallock puts it, "that, in justice, production and possession were inseparable." The later Socialists start with a truer theory of production, which recognizes the superior ability of the director of industry and his indispensable service in the organization of labor. "They reconcile this with their own practical programme, only by associating with it a false moral psychology" (p. 174)—false, because it assumes that the effort now put forth by hope of individual gain will be forthcoming in equal measure when rewarded only by inward satisfaction, supplemented by "the cheap coin of honor." The strength of Mallock as a critic of Socialism lies in his vivid realization of the essential rôle directive ability plays in production, and in his appreciation of the psychology of motive which underlies industrial activity.

Mallock's weakness inheres in his patent ignorance of the detailed economic criticism of the last two decades. By reason of this ignorance he revamps a number of discredited theorems. The first is his notion of "wage-capital," a tenuous reproduction of the old "feed and work" theory of wages. For decades, it was assumed that the laborer was absolutely devoid of the means of subsistence, and that real wages in the shape of food, clothing, and shelter were "advanced" by employers who figured in the double rôle of philanthropists and captains of industry. The truth is, as Edwin Cannan says:

> It is the exception and not the rule for wages to be paid in advance. As a rule work is only paid for after it is done; those who are paid by time are paid when the day, week, month, or quarter ends, and those who are paid by the piece after they have finished each piece of work, and not before

The second of Mallock's discredited theorems is the delusive idea that a definite fraction of the joint product of industry can be specifically traced to each coöperating factor. Still another example is his revival of Henry George's "natural productivity" theory of interest whose naïve *petitio principii* Boehm-Bawerk exposed years ago. Yet Mallock asserts gravely that the source of interest is found in the "gifts of unaided nature." The ram and the sheep are capital; the fleece and the progeny are interest. But he fails to consider the care, feeding, and pasturage necessary to secure this interest. Do untended flocks give rise to this sort of interest? Not if they are like the sheep we know. And if expense is requisite to secure the increment, what proof does Mr. Mallock give that the entire increment is not due to the labor of tending the flock? "Gifts of unaided nature" will bear more scrutiny than Mr. Mallock imagines. There are other defects in Mallock's *apologia* for the present constitution of industry, such as his clever but unfair travesty upon Christian Socialism. This creed has often been crude enough in all conscience, but to charge it with advocating "the maximum of idleness and self-indulgence" (p. 164) for the majority of the race, is neither generous nor true. Equally unconvincing is Mallock's argument as to bequest. If literary property of limited duration, such as that secured by copyright, is sufficient to evoke the present literary output, there is no certainty that a small impairment of the right of bequest would dry up the motives making for accumulation. With all his cleverness Mallock is unconvincing. To deal effectively with Socialism, one must have some genuine capacity for appreciating the need and the possibility of social betterment, and Mallock's work makes the impression of one whose social sympathies are atrophied.

Mr. Wells in his "New Worlds for Old" comes, towards the close of his volume, to the rescue of Marx; but so widely separated is Wells's social outlook from that of "Das Capital" that the praise sounds forced and strange. Marx was a true prophet, he tells us, and the "class war" was inevitable, "*given a continuance of our industrial and commercial system*, of uncontrolled gain-seeking" (p. 220). But the prophet did not foresee that a peaceful transition was possible through the gradual growth of administrative Socialism! Even this ambiguous vindication is qualified. The Marxian treatment of Socialism "arrested for a time the discussion of its biological and moral aspects altogether" (p. 243). Wells says truly that Marx's "conception of the world after the class-war is over is . . . antagonistic to intelligent constructive effort" (pp. 230, 231); and that Marx was a purblind believer in a "mystical democracy . . . supposed to be not only morally but intellectually omniscient." Wells properly ridicules this "diffused, intangible Oracle, the Ultimate Wisdom" (p. 231). But if the orthodox Marxian can derive comfort from this temperate approval, he is easily satisfied.

Wells's own constructive argument in this, his latest volume, is simply an allotropic form of his previous proposals. His title might with equal truth have been "New Words for Old," for this book does not present an essential project of Utopian Socialism which he has not elaborated before. He urges again the system of pensioning mothers for each child born to the state, provided always the Utopian parents have been duly licensed to have offspring. Presumably, the children of other persons are not expected to create any difficulty. The "spirit of service" is to supersede the "spirit of gain," although, curiously enough, Mr. Wells does not propose to "abolish competition," but to "leave men free to compete for fame, for service, for salaries, for position and authority, for leisure, for love and honor" (p. 107). This concession is the more remarkable in the lurid light of Mr. Wells's dictum that "self-interest never took a man or a community to any other end than damnation" (p. 105). Mr. Wells has a certain imaginative range denied to most writers on social philosophy. He invests the socialistic programme with a certain breadth of view which is refreshing after long journeys in the arid track of material betterment. He sees that Socialism can not be confined to the mere task of more amply provisioning the proletariat, that its implications are ramified, that it must transform much more than industry. There is thus a certain freshness about his presentation, even though he is not particularly convincing. One could hardly expect an index from a writer who is spawning volumes at the rate now characteristic of Mr. Wells; but it is disappointing to find him keeping up cheap tricks of style, such as his neologistic plurals—"wholesale prides," "these freedoms," "controls must be divided," and the like.

Of this entire batch of writers, Kirkup, in his "Inquiry into Socialism," which until now has been out of print since 1890, gives the pleasantest impression of genuineness and balance and a real covetousness of truth. Kirkup is a Socialist, but is fair-minded and open-eyed. At the very outset of his "Inquiry" he relegates Marx and his Social Democracy to the limbo of prejudice and tradition (p. 8). His examination of capitalism is conducted in an even temper. He recognizes the social value of competition when duly subordinated to moral principle (p. 70). He does not deny that the captains of industry perform a "useful function for the society in which they live" (p. 90). Most economists would incline to think him in error in his contention that in the long run machinery creates unemployment (p. 80), and that productive power can outstrip the capacity for consumption. But they would heartily agree with him that the proximate end of industrial reform is to elevate the plane of competition, and that "self-interest can be trusted as a principle of human nature only

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when placed under higher ethical guidance" (p. 161). Indeed, his concession that if "it really be the tendency of Socialism seriously to undermine individual responsibility, . . . it has no case" (p. 167), is all that any opponent of Socialism can fairly require so long as the argument is conducted in the abstract. His admission that it would at present "probably be hazardous to nationalize the railway system" would very likely prevent his admission into most orthodox Socialist communions; but it extorts the admiration of the unbiassed critic. Mr. Kirkup reminds us of the saying of one of Mr. Gilbert's heroines, the daughter of a bandit, who is described as sitting at her window when a worthy suitor passes:

> She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
> That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you."

We confess to a similar feeling for a Socialist like Mr. Kirkup. It is to be hoped that he may be spared the fate of his poetic congener, and escape being chopped up by his fellow-Socialists "into little bits."

Variants from the usual type of Socialism make serviceable such a book as Barker's "British Socialism"; for this volume enables one to obtain a conspectus of the views of typical Socialists upon the various concrete problems to which they direct their attention, such as the family, the empire, the land, the army, the railways, and a host of similar issues. Mr. Barker has consulted "altogether about a thousand books and pamphlets," and gives "representative extracts" from about five hundred of them. The very extended bibliography of sources which is appended includes not only the text-books addressed to students where Socialism is seen, as it were, on dress parade, but the equally illuminating and less widely known propagandist literature which is to move the masses when duly supplemented "by a liberal use of chest notes and red flags." It cannot be said, unfortunately, that the critical thread of comment which ties the illustrative extracts together is altogether fair or discriminating. The reliance placed by Mr. Barker on protection (page 480), as a means of remedying lack of employment in Great Britain, gives one pause as to his competence to serve as an economic guide. But he has collected an instructive and compendious anthology, whose most valuable feature is the latest official programmes of socialistic organizations which are printed in the appendix.

Arnold-Forster's book, "English Socialism of To-day," is a reprint of popular anti-socialistic articles which appeared first in the London *Standard*. It has all the faults and few of the merits of Barker's volume just noticed. It had originally the justification that its aim was polemic. The hits are often hard and fairly made, and are unexceptionable as everyday newspaper politics. But it was thrown off as a series of campaign articles, and the judicial quality is not expected under such circumstances. "A reasonable scheme of Fiscal Reform" will contribute, so the author imagines, to alleviate the evils which Socialism combats; and "the system of free imports is doomed by its inherent injustice and absurdity" (page 195). No index is appended.

Preuss's "Fundamental Fallacy of Socialism" is a rather belated echo of the McGlynn controversy, which arose out of that priest's espousal of the single tax doctrine of Henry George. The conclusions reached that "between Agrarian Socialism and the other Communistic forms there is no essential difference" (p. 181), and that "*private property in land* has the very same *natural basis as private property in general*" (p. 182) are unquestionably valid as general propositions. But they are not novel. They are at least as old as Grotius; and the late Professor Sidgwick conclusively made the same points against George's theory of the right to property many years ago.

CURRENT FICTION.

Rose MacLeod. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Brown's vein of whimsical romance still holds; it may be that the whimsy gains upon her a trifle. In this story, indeed, it runs pretty frankly into extravagance. The general situation is not quite amusing or moving because it is absurd; and the probability of some of the persons is obscured by the flat impossibility of the others. This story-teller is in the habit of getting her effect by well-known means: by bringing together as the chief romantic pair two persons between whom some picturesque disparity exists, whether of age or tastes or social position. Or it may be that the disparity is between the person and his aspirations. This book provides us with an old lady who has retained all the impetuosity and irresponsibility of youth in contrast with her housemate and granddaughter, who is the well-trained and exemplary young woman of the present generation developed *ad absurdum*. Madam Fulton is hard enough to believe in and it is not easy to say whether her belated kittenishness is more engaging or annoying. But Electra is an intolerable caricature of the female prig; it is impossible that any of these persons should have endured her for a moment. In the end, to be sure, she actually fulfils Madam Fulton's prediction by "flying all to pieces and making an idiot of herself," but we feel that it is a late retribution for all that she has made us suffer.

Rose MacLeod, the real leading lady, is daughter of Markham MacLeod. He is leader of a Brotherhood; his headquarters are in Paris. He inspires the utmost personal devotion in his followers, and has the air of an apostle, though only, as his daughter has reason to know, a demagogue and time-server. He has deliberately sold her girlhood to a handsome rake who, after abusing her for a year, luckily dies. The father, who has been unable to make terms for marriage, has persuaded her that the ceremony is a farce, and she has lived with Tom Fulton (brother of the immaculate Electra) without being legally his wife. After the lover's death, MacLeod conceives other plans for turning her to profit, this time in connection with a prince, a morganatic marriage being the arrangement somewhat vaguely spoken of. She escapes to America under the escort of a friend, one Peter Grant, a brilliant young painter, who chances to be the betrothed of Electra. That model person refuses to accept Rose as her brother's wife; and she is left to the hospitality of the Grants, Peter, the artist, Osmond, his brother, and their grandmother, whose virtue is a foil to the frivolity of poor Madame Fulton. Peter is presently freed by Electra and discovers that he is in love with Rose, but she is not for him. Osmond is the person fated (by disparity) to become consort of the beautiful young Parisian. A cripple from birth, he has brought himself by a life of the utmost abstemiousness and regularity to a condition of great physical strength, though he is a hunchback. As market-gardener and seedsman, he has not only supported himself and the grandmother, but given his brother the best training in his art. His life is almost a hermit's, and he instinctively withdraws at the coming of the beautiful stranger. But she seeks him out, and an extraordinary intimacy springs up between them, which, after many struggles of compunction on his part, is eventually confirmed in the natural way. Certainly Osmond and Rose are a romantic pair of more than common interest. We could wish them uncompromised by the crude absurdity of Electra, the crude villany of MacLeod.

Home from Sea. By George S. Wasson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A connoisseur has recently said that among reproductions of the Maine fisherman's dialect, Mr. Wasson's stand pre-eminent for truthfulness. It is easy to believe this in reading or rereading the stories old and new that are brought together in his latest volume. The absence of the stage Yankee phrase strikes even the inexpert linguist. The genuineness of words and sentences that only generations of seafarers could have evolved and that only generations of salt could have preserved, attests itself on every page. The originality of the stories does but add to their credibility. Two of the hitherto unpublished ones deal with dry land exclusively. "Keeping Tally" shows an old couple soothing their latter days with patent medicines and striving not to lose their reckoning; while "Skipper Haultaut's Wooing" defines amusingly an isothermal line beyond which the Killick Cove aspirant declines to adventure for the "toney rusticator." Illustrations by the author have always the advantage of fitting the text. One of these perpetuates the moment when "the breeze commenced to mortify down"—priceless phrase.

An American Patrician: Or the Story of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an ultra-lively galloping picture of the times. No modern newsboy could call the day's news on the highways with more disregard of classic forms; consequently it possesses a measure of novelty in the handling and unquestionably brings history and historic persons "up to date." Each character has his own adjective, which he carries with him till death doth them part—even "to the point of childish," if we may paraphrase one of Mr. Lewis's favorite idioms. Burr is "young Aaron" till he outgrows the epithet; Gen. Putnam is "the old wolf-killer"; Washington "the big Virginian," or "the big general"; Jackson, "lean Jackson"; Schuyler, "rusty Schuyler"; Theodosia, "lustrous Theodosia";

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Hamilton, "Son-in-law Hamilton," when he is not "Terrier Hamilton" taking "skulking refuge behind Mastiff Washington." Other violent mannerisms disfigure the pages.

There is no rehabilitating of anybody. Gen. Putnam comes off rather well; Washington not quite so favorably; Marshall hovers in a half-light. Burr is not idealized, but Hamilton is depicted as "utterly the sycophant, wholly the politician." That there is a vividness which puts the wars, factions, and policies of the day in gay colors before us is not to be gainsaid. The truth of the colors may well be questioned. As to the method of putting on colors there can be no question.

The Golden Rose. By Amélie Rives. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is to the author's credit that although this story deals with an abnormal situation the characters are all sweet at heart. The heroine, though too much occupied with her own soul, means generously and well; and she is charming with the charm of the Virginian. The confidante in white muslin is sane and sound; the family doctor is astute; the hero fantastic but engaging; the negroes the very real thing. So that one assists at a dissection in irreproachable company. The author's greatly tempered style, too, materially helps the patience of the reader. To be sure, things "volume"—such things as wind and electricity; and other things, like ecstasy and music, are "white"; but it might have been, and used to be, much worse.

The heroine has outlived a cruel married experience, and by natural nobility and Indian philosophy has attained a high plane of peace and freedom whence she renounces marriage forever. Then comes a young man who has looked deep into sunsets and high into stars, and who, above all, "understands." He falls to worshipping the woman; she, fully persuaded that their souls have met in earlier states of being, drifts into ecstasy, and for a time they live in a lofty paradise, he adoring, she adored, and both content. Then, in enforced absence, the man's attitude relaxes ever so little from unquestioning acceptance of this airy relation. She awakes from her dream and returns to companionship with things eternal. The most unreal part of the matter is that this ending should be called by the sensible doctor and the sane friend a failure on the part of the man, whom they find to have been "too little for the great moment." The exceptional experience of the woman may well have made of her a being apart. That her friends should demand for her the impossible is to make them unnatural, too. On the whole, the abnormal, however loftily treated, is unsatisfactory, even where, as in the Englishman's estimate of Indian pudding, "it isn't as nasty as it looks."

Monologues. By Beatrice Herford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Those who know Miss Herford's inimitable monologues in the actual delivery naturally open this volume of six with a slight misgiving—a prevision of a pang as at looking upon a form whence the spirit has fled. But such is the compulsion of great talent that every word and phrase and pause reads itself in Miss Herford's well-remembered way and "again we see our bliss at hand." And there is also pleasure for those who have not heard them, for these sketches are life itself. If, however, they were merely life they would be as dull as a haphazard photograph; but they are life with a comment conveyed in a laugh.

Oliver Herford's illustrations are marked by humor and fitness, but it is to be observed that even he shrinks from a literal transcription of "that Remson girl's hat."

Ancient Italy: Historical and Geographical Investigations in Central Italy, Magna Græcia, Sicily, and Sardinia. By Ettore Pais; translated from the Italian by C. Densmore Curtis. The University of Chicago Press. $5.

The work is a collection of twenty-six papers originally printed at widely different periods, either in the proceedings of various Italian societies or in separate pamphlets; in either case they came before a limited public. Unfortunately the translator has failed to give the dates of the several publications, and the reader is unable to take into account the condition of knowledge under which each article was produced. Among the papers most interesting to the student of history are "Ausonia and the Ausonians," "The Origin of Siris," "The Expedition of Alexander of Epirus to Italy," "The Pretended Expedition of Agathocles against Φοινίκη," "The Daunians and Umbrians in Campania," "Naples and Ischia at the Time of Sulla," "Siceliot Elements in the Earliest History of Rome," "Italiot and Campanian Elements in the Earliest History of Rome," and "Concerning the Time and Place in Which Strabo Composed His Historical Geography."

The first illustrates the author's method and the importance of his conclusions. As regards the Ausonians (Latin Aurunci), Huelsen, in Pauly-Wissowa's "Real-Encyclopädie," I., 2561, states that they were limited to the small strip of coast between the Volturnus and the Liris, and that the application of the name to a wider area is due to the inventions of Alexandrian scholars. From a study of the early sources, especially those of the fifth century B. C., our author concludes, on the contrary, that these people once inhabited a large part of southern Italy, in fact "the entire portion of the peninsula which was bordered by the Apennines," including Samnium in the interior and Latium on the western coast. This wide extension of the name preceded the Iapygian, Etruscan, and Samnite invasions. These results of research in literature he finds confirmed by the toponomy of the region. Anthropology, archæology, palæology, and linguistics, on the other hand, have not been pursued in a direction, or with sufficient precision, to throw light on the subject. The papers of which this is an example form a contribution of the highest value to our knowledge of the early history of Italy. It is interesting to find the man whom from our acquaintance with him in his "Storia di Roma" we are accustomed to regard as the arch-skeptic, appearing in this volume as a valiant defender of historical faith against the onslaught of German skeptics. Moreover, the author lays us under obligation by indicating the cultural relations of the Italian peoples to one another and to Greece, and by suggesting the lines along which these connections may be further investigated. Early Rome has been studied as an isolated community till no more progress can be looked for along that narrow path. The more liberal, and we may hope more fertile, research of the future will have as its object Rome as an Italian community, developing under the influence of intercourse with her neighbors and especially with the superior civilization of the Greek settlements in the peninsula and in Sicily.

In the face of the author's minute specialization in his field, scholars will be cautious in dissenting from his interpretations, and in impugning his accuracy. On p. 233 he states that the Roman annalist assigns the Cassian treaty with the Hernicans to 494 B. C., whereas in fact the annalist's date is 486, as Pais correctly gives it in his "Storia di Roma," I., p. 432. The error may, however, be in the translation. As regards Pelasgians in Italy (p. 71), although it may readily be admitted that people called Pelasgians by one or two ancient writers migrated in early time from Epirus to Italy, it is extremely doubtful whether such people were known to themselves by that name. All studies of Pelasgism should take account of Eduard Meyer's careful paper on the subject. Such minor criticisms, however, should not detract from the sincere appreciation of the profound knowledge and the intellectual keenness of the author.

The volume is printed on good paper in large type, and is illustrated with numismatic cuts and full-page plates. A comparison of one of the papers with the original indicates that the translator has been faithful; but he has left an excessive number of misprints; and, still more unfortunately, his English is defective in grammar as well as in general smoothness and lucidity.

Collection des poètes français de l'étranger. Publiée sous la direction littéraire de Georges Barral, 14 vols. Paris: Fischbacher, 1897-1907. 3fr. 50 per vol.

This interesting collection was started with a view to making known to a wide circle of readers the best of contemporary French poetry produced outside of France. The series contains not a few works of high and permanent value; indeed, the French Academy has crowned three of the volumes. The editor's programme is ambitious: he intends to scour the earth in quest of poets who, in the words of his *note explicative*, "ont adopté notre verbe pour assurer à leurs ouvrages une parure de beauté et un élément de pérennité." He thus hopes to encourage more and more the cultivation of French letters abroad.

As was natural, he first took Belgium, so near the French heart in feeling and in culture. Moreover, the literary reawakening which began there about 1880 has produced, besides the writers who eventually gained wide fame—Maeterlinck, Rodenbach, Verhaeren, Lemonnier, and Eekhout—a number of poets, of less striking originality and somewhat younger in years, who had not yet won the ear of the large reading public. The first volume was "La Nuit," by Iwan Gilkin (1897), a work of

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an inspiration similar to that of Beaudelaire's "Fleurs du mal," yet differing in tendency. Whereas both are products of the *décadence*, and permeated by an atmosphere of sin, death, and corruption, "La Nuit" contains a philosophical and critical vein totally lacking in the "Fleurs du mal." Gilkin sees the evil around him, and though he himself may be affected by the virus, yet he studies its effects objectively as the physician might study a disease. In style he is a strict follower of the Parnassians and is one of their best pupils. His next volume, "Le Cerisier fleuri" (1899), preceding the other in composition, is less pessimistic, yet of less uniform excellence. His "Prométhée" (1899) is a philosophical poem of some four thousand lines, in which the Prometheus legend is treated in an original and poetic manner. As a whole, it is the most notable poetic effort of the school of Young Belgium, and is not unworthy of comparison with Goethe's fragment or Shelley's poem on the same subject. In treatment it differs from both in that the poet has cleverly incorporated in the legend the modern evolutionary and monistic theories and has thus imparted a new philosophical significance to the antique story.

Valère Gilles has also three volumes in the Collection: "La Cithare" (1897, crowned by the Academy), "Le Collier d'opales" (1899), and "Le Coffret d'ébène" (1901). Of all the Belgians Gilles is perhaps the most Parnassian. His style is limpid, flawless; his rhythm masterly, and apparently of more concern to him than the subject matter. Attracted chiefly by the beauty of form, his mind naturally lingers in the sacred groves of Greece:

Loin de ce siècle vil et des laideurs humaines
En des temps disparus, dans un rêve enchanté,
Je t'évoque aujourd'hui, foyer de la Beauté,
Ville-fleur, Ville-femme, ô lumineuse Athènes!

He has all the Parnassian coldness; yet here and there, especially in "Le Coffret d'ébène" and "La Cithare," we catch glimpses of his inner emotions, of his soul's *Heimweh*, dear to all decadents.

Of Albert Giraud the Collection contains "Héros et Pierrots" (1898), both original and graceful. These droll clowns, singing their love ditties to a listening, pale moon, are as absurd and as unreal as the conventional birds and flowers on a Japanese screen. Yet their humor is irresistible; and their quaint complaints voice a real pathos. Besides, what they sing is never flat; is always pretty, sometimes beautiful; frequently as full of music as these lines of Pierrot Narcisse:

Vos concetti sont lourds à côté des flocons
De la neige qui tourne et qui valse et qui chante!
Tombe hermine des cieux sur la cité méchante,
Tombe comme un pardon sur ces êtres épais!
Couvre-les de candeur, de silence et de paix!

Not all Giraud is in this volume. Other manifestations of his talent are published elsewhere.

Other Belgians are represented in the series: Ferdinand Séverin with "Poèmes ingénus" (1899), Paul Brogneaux with "L'Isolement" (1901), and Adolphe Hardy with "La Route enchantée" (1904), each of a different type, but all interesting. Particularly notable is "Poésies choisies" (1901), by André Van Hasselt, the friend of Victor Hugo, the first good French poet the nineteenth century produced in Belgium, and the first since the sixteenth century who has seriously tried to adapt classic and Germanic metres to French poetry. His experiments in this direction are worth more than passing attention.

From Belgium the editor turned to Switzerland for "Théoduline" (1906), a Valaisan idyl in one hundred short poems, by a monk of St. Bernard, Abbé Jules Gross. No ultra modern inspiration is here discernible, save perhaps the freedom with which the poet has handled his metres and the use he has made of local and dialectic terms, carefully explained, however, in an accompanying glossary. The subject is a naïve and touching love story unfolding itself on the sublime stage of an Alpine village. The simple and patriarchal life is depicted in fresh colors and with loving touches.

Je vous peindrai d'après nature,
Mes braves et chers Valaisans

forms a fitting dedication to this volume.

The two latest additions to the Collection are in many respects the most interesting. They are "Années tendres" and "Poèmes de la mort," both published in 1907. The most noteworthy fact about them, apart from their high literary quality, is that they come from Hayti and that their author is a mulatto, Etzer Vilaire. He was born in 1872, and educated in the city of Jérémie, where he holds at present the position of principal of the national lycée. In his own country he is favorably known as a writer, but outside of these narrow confines, no one was aware of his existence until Mr. Barral brought out his poems in Paris. Etzer Vilaire writes in the purest of French, and shows astounding facility in the most difficult forms of verse. Moreover, he has a message. It is indeed something quite uncommon, this *Weltschmerz* of a cultivated and extremely sensitive colored man, whose vision of a higher destiny for his race is continually blurred by the pall of native and social disability that hangs over the black soul; whose beautiful dream of intellectual, moral, and artistic emancipation is ever destroyed by evidences of the grossest materialism round him; and whose heart bleeds from all the wounds inflicted on his wretched native land. His African strain, passionate and revelling in color and sound; his careful French culture, imposing restraint on his native exuberance; his feeling for the charms of climate and scenery, his ardent love for a country torn by dissension—all this is reflected in his writing. For us who receive our impressions of Hayti from newspaper reports of political intrigues and excesses, it might be useful to read Vilaire's verses in order to convince ourselves that above the class of political agitators is an intellectual élite which is gradually gaining ground and may some day command the attention of the world.

Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony: Canada and the American Revolution. By Justin H. Smith. 2 vols.; with 315 illustrations and 23 maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.

This work has certain features which are most praiseworthy, and at other points it provokes severe criticism. The merits that must receive hearty commendation are breadth of reading, and a desire on the part of the author to present his results in an agreeable form. There can be no doubt regarding the range of Professor Smith's research. Bibliographies and footnotes are sometimes misleading, but here, where the text shows full grasp of the subject, the notes and bibliography confirm one's sense of the care which has been taken in preparation. Now and then a question might be raised about a point of fact. For example, we cannot believe that Professor Smith is right in saying that the fort at Chambly "was a summer hotel rather than a fortress." But the strongest impression is that the book rests upon first-hand investigation.

Although Professor Smith desires, as we have said, to tell his story in entertaining style, yet the book is far too diffuse. History, if an art at all, should be looked on as an art of selection, and Professor Smith apparently cannot bring himself to throw overboard much of his superfluous cargo. Whoever courts picturesqueness must employ details, but there is reason in all things, and here the town is obscured by the houses. Reduced to a single volume, the work would be far more effective. We may cite a single passage which shows not only that he is diffuse, but that at times style runs away with him. It is taken from a character sketch of Richard Montgomery:

Like a Damascus blade, his will could bend until point and hilt met, or work its way through a problem like the wards of a lock; yet for that his blade never ceased to be a sword. By yielding he could conquer; and in bowing to the unwisdom of others, he could bring it into close contact with his own sagacity and put it out of countenance.

One had to sally a little from the realm of prose to understand his character. This Damascus blade had an Æolian cord strung in its groove, and every stroke was a song—a song from Tara's ruined halls, powerful but sad, and yet forever breaking into a sparkle of gayety like the waves on the beaches of Sligo.

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre! Nevertheless, these volumes, in spite of the multitudinous details which make it difficult to follow the story episode by episode, are a distinct contribution, not to be neglected by any who would study the invasion of Canada in 1775.

Science.

Earthquakes: An Introduction to Seismic Geology. By William Herbert Hobbs. Pp. xxxi., 336; pls. xxiv., figs. 112. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

It is twenty-five years since the first edition of John Milne's "Earthquakes and Earth-Movements" appeared and made accessible to the general reader the causes believed by geologists to lie behind these mysterious phenomena. Meantime, however, methods of investigation have been improved, and in the transactions of learned societies many new and accurate observations have been recorded. The so-called "new seismology" has so developed that the time is ripe for a book to gratify an intelligent interest which has been greatly stimulated by recent shocks of impressive violence. For more than ten years past Professor Hobbs has been investigating the indications of past disturbances as recorded in present topographic relief, and has developed somewhat positive views upon so-called "earth lineaments." These

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views have seemed to many geologists as rather extreme, and to others as resting on a solid substratum of truth. Professor Hobbs's experience in America has been supplemented by study abroad, all resulting in the present work, which is an accurate, clearly written, and condensed exposition of the subject. The reader should be warned, however, that Professor Hobbs lays greater emphasis upon the above-mentioned "earth lineaments," or old fault lines, than all geologists would be willing to concede.

The book begins with an historical outline of theories, leading up to a discussion of causes, of which, naturally, earth-movements along faults are chief. The author passes in review the regions of most frequent shocks and discusses the nature of the movements and their effects upon topography and drainage-lines. Next he describes a number of great earthquakes, especially those within the United States. In this country he points out certain "danger-spots," so characterized because of intersecting "earth-lineaments." It is here that differences of opinion will arise, since the lineaments will appeal to some critics as ambiguous in significance or even as non-existent. The author also takes up methods of study and interpretation, both upon the ground and at a distance with instruments; and he somewhat illogically interrupts these closely connected themes in order to describe submarine effects. A discussion of the relations of shocks to disturbances of earth-magnetism and of gravity, closes the book proper, but several appendices contain scientific records. On the whole the book is a modern and readable presentation of a theme possessing more than ordinary interest.

Cassell & Co. have started a new series of hand books called The Complete Farmer. The first volume is "Soils: Their Natures and Management," by Primrose McConnell. This will be followed next by "Gardening for Women," by Frances Wolseley.

Prof. J. R. Angell's "Text Book of General Psychology" is to be issued by Henry Holt & Co., in thoroughly revised form.

"The Solar System; A Study of Recent Observations," by Charles Lane Poor, professor of astronomy in Columbia University, is a recent addition to Putnam's Science Series. The book may be recommended with confidence to the general reader. It is not too abstruse, is thoroughly entertaining, and is timely. We may note in passing that Professor Poor, without being overpositive or dogmatic, argues strongly against the recent theories about "canals" on Mars.

The Fitz-Patrick Lectures before the Royal College of Physicians of London, for 1905-06, have appeared with the imprint of the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde), and the outer title, "Medicine in the British Isles." They were given by Dr. Norman Moore, known for his interest in the history of medicine and long engaged in gathering material for a history of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whose early appearance is announced. The inner title, "History of the Study of Medicine in the British Isles," is somewhat misleading, since Dr. Moore does not attempt to show precisely how practitioners were trained. What he has done is to pick out various medical men of different periods, and to sketch partly their training and partly their methods as indicative of the general state of medical study in Great Britain at the time. The result is an exceedingly entertaining and instructive book, despite the somewhat rambling and unsystematic treatment. The author selects as his representative personages Mirfeld (about 1320-1400), Mayerne (1573-1655), Glisson (1597-1677), Sydenham (1624-1689), and Edward Browne (1644-1708), but this list of the preface gives no indication of the rich variety of information about persons and things to be found in the text. We note, for example, the ancient advice that hay slept on by "three poor travellers" (evidently forbears of the modern tramp) after suitable entertainment on Christmas eve will surely protect oxen against the epidemic of an entire year if placed between them from Christmas day to Twelfth day. In an appendix Dr. Moore prints various early charters witnessed by Grimbald or John of London, the Latin notes of Mayerne on the health of James I. (not before published), and on the health of Queen Henrietta Maria, and also the account of Harvey's notes on Galen, which he published some twenty years ago. The book has ten illustrations reproducing parts of old manuscripts concerning St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and other matters of medical interest.

"The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading," by Edmund Burke Huey, is a volume of 469 pages, issued by the Macmillan Co. Since a writer usually looks forward with some dread to the criticism of those who claim to be experts in his subject, we cannot but admire the courage of one who, like our author, discusses an art in which each of his readers must necessarily be a skilled practitioner. But he who opens this book with a sense of self-confidence is likely to close it in a humble frame of mind, astonished to find how little he really knows about the art which he practises most constantly. The work is divided into four parts, dealing respectively with the Psychology of Reading, the History of Reading and of Reading Methods, the Pedagogy of Reading, and the Hygiene of Reading. In the part devoted to the Psychology of Reading the author appears as one of a group of investigators, many of whom are among the leading psychologists of the day. The results of their work are presented with few technicalities to trouble the reader, who cannot fail to feel that the serious study now devoted to the subject may soon lead to an immense improvement in our modes of acquisition of knowledge. The material for the remainder of the book, which gives fulness and symmetry to the treatment, is in large measure a record of the work and opinions of others. Expert teachers and printers will turn to the original works to which the author refers in a somewhat lengthy bibliography. But there is much in the book to interest others than the experts. We learn of "the work of the eye in reading" and of the danger of straining the delicate organ of sight. We are taught something of the mechanics of reading if we may so speak, and of the psychological processes involved; and are led to see that the current methods of teaching reading to the young are crude and unscientific. We have our attention drawn to the influence of the forms of letters, of their size, spacing, and other arrangement, in relation to ease of reading, and discover that many of the books we peruse seem cunningly devised to weary and distress us. We cannot expect pedagogical reforms unless teachers and the more intelligent of parents are awake to existing evils; nor can we look forward to advantageous changes in the making of books, unless pressure is brought to bear upon our publishers by an awakened public. For these reasons all who are interested in these reforms should welcome this work as an attractive study, which is likely to arouse a broader interest in the questions at issue.

Allen Vannérus, author of "Vetenskapssystematik" (Stockholm: Aktiebolaget Ljus), has in the last ten or fifteen years published a number of important philosophical treatises, among them a large "Kunskapslära," and several popular volumes written from the point of view of radical idealism. In his latest work he offers a comprehensive handbook of the classification of the sciences, and virtually a new system of classification, round which he has woven a survey of the scientific knowledge of our time, with estimates of the various sciences and of their relations to each other. For practical reasons the technical, or so-called applied sciences, are not included in the scheme, and the medical sciences are barely mentioned. The system that Dr. Vannérus outlines is eclectic, as he does not accept any one principle of classification throughout. An important part of the work is the historical introduction, in which the author, after a glance at the scientific conceptions of ancient times, reviews the various systems of classification. This part is of particular value because it supplements Flint's "History of the Classifications of the Sciences." The large number of Italian writers which Flint includes are omitted by Vannérus, who, on the other hand, treats fully of many important systems not mentioned by Flint, such as those of John Stuart Mill, Helmholtz, Dilthey, Windelband, Ostwald, and others. Taken all in all, Dr. Vannérus's book is an important contribution to an important subject, and well deserves translation into English.

An international association for cancer research was formed in Berlin May 22. The objects are to promote the care of patients suffering from the disease, to collect and publish statistics, to establish an international centre of information on this subject, to publish an international technical organ, and to organize international conferences.

Prof. Leslie Alexander Lee of Bowdoin died May 20. He was born in Woodstock, Vt., in 1852, was graduated from St. Lawrence University at the age of twenty, and in 1876 became professor of biology and geology at Bowdoin. He was a member of several scientific expeditions, and was director of the Bowdoin College expedition to Labrador in 1891. He was author of various reports on scientific subjects.

Francis B. Forbes died in Boston May 21. He was born in 1840, and at a comparatively early age he went to China to engage in business. In the course of a long residence there he wrote a work on the flora of the country, for which he was elected a fellow

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of the Linnæan Society of Boston. He also made a collection of flora, now in the possession of the British Museum.

Drama.

Drama and Life. By A. B. Walkley, New York: Brentano's.

There is much entertaining and a considerable proportion of solid and instructive matter in this volume. It consists of revised dramatic reviews and essays taken from the London *Times* and two longer and more deliberate papers, the one on modern English and French drama and the other on selected French and English plays, which were printed originally in the Edinburgh *Review*. Mr. Walkley, as most readers know, has been for some years the dramatic critic of the *Times*, which, since his occupation of the post, has spoken with greater authority upon theatrical matters than it ever did before, at all events during the last four or five decades. In many respects he is extraordinarily well qualified for his task. He is not only a sound scholar, but a man of the world and a man of letters. He has an intimate acquaintance with the Continental theatre, ancient and modern, as well as the British, a retentive memory, a striking power of analysis, a keen sense of humor, and a fluent, vivacious, and—except for its occasional polyglottic excrescences—unaffected style. The fruits of his scholarship, his experience, and his wit are displayed liberally in these essays, which will give intellectual satisfaction to readers who care nothing for the traffic of the footlights. But ardent supporters of the theatre, who believe in its almost limitless potentiality as an engine of civilization, will regret that so competent a writer should, in his championship of the newer or newest drama, so often seem oblivious of the true significance of the old. In his admiration of realism and the theatre of ideas—whose great value within certain boundaries of taste and reason no one would dream of disputing—he apparently overlooks the fact that these are but single phases of a most comprehensive art, and that the representation of them demands the exercise of but few of the faculties—and those but seldom the highest—which form the equipment of the true actor. The vital question to-day is whether the literary, romantic, imaginative, heroic, historical, and inspirational functions of the theatre are to be abandoned as worthless or not. They will assuredly vanish—they have almost reached the vanishing point already—unless actors can be provided to interpret them with proper effect.

The misfortune is that Mr. Walkley does not write as if he regarded the theatre as a serious institution, with infinite possibilities for good or evil in its social effects. He can praise or ridicule, but he never protests. He is instant in the castigation of ignorance or stupidity, in appreciation of cleverness, apt characterization, or thrilling situation. In swiftness of comprehension and clearness of description he is almost wholly admirable. In sketching the synopsis of a plot he puts his finger on the salient points with most illuminative accuracy. Sometimes he seems to see the drift of an argument more clearly than the author. Nothing could be better than his sympathetic reviews of "The Admirable Crichton" and "Peter Pan." He reads the heart of Barrie's mystery. His appreciation of Sir Henry Irving, after the funeral services in Westminster Abbey, is brief, but thoroughly fine and sufficient. His criticisms of actors constantly carry the conviction of the nicest discrimination and judicial truth. He says, for instance, of the Hamlet of the younger Irving, that it was a little hard, a little too elaborately emphatic, but distinctly intellectual and original. But he is only dimly aware of the power and vast imaginative scope of Thomas Hardy's, "The Dynasts," which he maintains might be acted on the stage, by the skilful use of puppets. This attitude, perhaps, is explained by his contention, elsewhere, that the imagination in the study, cannot realize the vividness of stage representation. Herein he betrays the shortsightedness of the realist. But, on the other hand, in another paper, he demonstrates with unanswerable logic, the inartistic vulgarity of the dramas of mere curiosity or horror, which are the most prominent articles in the stock in trade of realism. With all his brilliancy Mr. Walkley is not always consistent.

As a rule, his judgment of modern plays and playwrights is sound in argument and discrimination, but occasionally it provokes exceptions. One may be taken, certainly, to his high estimate of Pinero's "Iris," which Mr. Walkley pronounces "solid, living, throbbing drama," whereas few pieces bear more internal evidence of cunning theatrical calculation. But he recognizes the artificiality of the dialogue, and makes it the subject of a capital little essay on literary conversation. It is rather startling to note his inclusion of Bernard Shaw among the "thinkers" of the day, but it is only fair to add that he also compares some of Mr. Shaw's deliverances to the madness of March hares. A more serious matter is his condonation, if not positive approval, of Beerbohm Tree's offences against Shakespeare in his remorseless mutilations of the text in the interests of spectacle. It is true that Mr. Tree, having no company capable of doing bare justice to the text, could not hope to make Shakespeare pay expenses in any other way, but it is plain that such a policy can only lead to the utter extinction of the old poetic drama, so far as the stage is concerned. Mr. Walkley seems to hold that the application of modern methods to these ancient masterpieces is only a step in the process of evolution, and that the rhetorical theatre, which was the product of the open-air platform stage, could not hope to survive long in the modern theatre, to which it is ill-adapted. This theory would be more plausible if the poetic drama had never prospered upon the enclosed stage. But the point need not be argued now. One thing is certain, and that is that, with the practical disappearance of the rhetorical drama, the theatre has grown narrower in its aims, and feebler in its achievements. Mr. Walkley does not realize this, and, considering his authority and influence, it is a pity.

Smith & Elder, of London, have brought out a newly revised and cheaper edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare." All the illustrations are carried over from the more expensive issue.

A. W. Pinero's play, "The Thunderbolt," recently produced in the St. James's Theatre, London, secures, as might have been expected, a liberal measure of praise from the writers of the daily press; but, mingled with the laudation, there is to be discerned an occasional note of disappointment. Plainly, the piece is more remarkable for its technical excellences and its general theatrical effectiveness, than for the value or novelty of its theme; any definite purpose in its inception—beyond the creation of suspense or excitement—or any tonic intellectual or spiritual effect in its treatment. Reduced to its skeleton, the tale is sordid in quality, and trite in detail, but the cheapness of the original material is skilfully disguised by the cleverness of the decorative workmanship.

The death is reported from Berlin of Adolf L'Arronge, the dramatist and theatrical manager. He was born in Berlin in 1838, and after studying music became the conductor of an orchestra. About 1870, however, he began writing plays, and soon he became very successful in depicting the life of middle-class Germans. He was active in the founding and management of the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. Among his plays are: "Das grosse Los," "Mein Leopold," "Hasemanns Töchter," "Dr. Klaus," "Wohltätige Frauen," "Haus Loney," "Kompagnon," "Sorglosen," "Heimchen," "Der Weg zum Herzen," "Loreley," "Die Verkannten," "Lolos Vater," "Pastor Brose," "Annas Traum," "Mutter Thiele," "Der Wohltäter," "Sanatorium Sieben-berg," "Über Nacht," and "Das letzte Bonbon." He also wrote "Deutsches Theater und Deutsche Schauspielkunst."

Music.

Harmony and Ear Training. By William Alfred White. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.

Thirty Preludes for the Organ. Edited by H. Clough-Leighter. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

An encouraging aspect of many new books on the theory and practice of music is the growing hostility to the pedantry and impracticability of traditional methods. Mr. White's book is a conspicuous example of this tendency. The author has endeavored, and with success, to provide a book in which systematic studies in ear training are connected organically with a thorough course in harmony. He is professor in the theory and practice of teaching music at Syracuse University, and offers his novel suggestions as a result of many years' experience in the classroom. He applies himself to the study of the music itself, instead of musical theories, and he records remarkable results in the perceptional development of hearing. While this is a book for students, even the general reader who loves to think about music as well as to hear it will be interested in Chapter xv., wherein the author discourses on tone color, in the development of appreciation. He does not profess to be

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able to explain why the C major chord is so commonplace and characterless as compared with that of F sharp, which has character, tone-color, rich mellowness, and brilliancy combined; but he goes through the whole circle of keys and notes their qualities. Perhaps he goes too far in asserting that differences in the various keys are as marked as the different odors of beautiful flowers; but it is certainly true that the pleasures of musicianship are largely a result of the subtle sensibility to exquisite nuances in tone-color.

Tone-color, in the larger sense of the word, including not only key-differences, but qualities of different instruments and organ pipes and their combinations, has become so important an element in modern music that organists are increasingly estimated by their skill in selecting and commingling them. In the collection of organ preludes made and marked by H. Clough-Leighter, there is perhaps a little too much of the older style of "diapasons and oboe" registration. The diapasons are fundamental, of course, but they are colorless. The voix céleste and vox humana are to the color scheme of the modern organ what the strings are to the orchestra, and are therefore indispensable. The editor has shown excellent taste and judgment in his selections; the list includes not only standard organ pieces, but transcriptions of preludes by Chopin, Gounod, Wagner, and others that sound well on the organ. He has had the courage to include the Ave Maria written by Gounod on the first Bach prelude, which has received more abuse than it deserves. The introduction includes a disquisition on the word Prelude, and brief biographic sketches of the composers represented in the collection.

The publication on the occasion of her eighty-ninth birthday (May 27) of an "Album of Fourteen Songs, Original Poems, and other Verse Music," by Julia Ward Howe, will come as a surprise to many of our readers. Mrs. Howe has not been known as a composer of music. Through a long life of beneficent activity, her fine musical abilities have been kept in the background. A special poem is contributed to the work by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Oscar George Theodore Sonneck, who is chief of the division of music in the Library of Congress, and whose "Early Concert-Life in America" is a model of scholarly research, has lately compiled two catalogues (Government Printing Office) which have a value and interest even to those who cannot have access to the Washington library. One is "Dramatic Music: Catalogue of Full Scores," which shows a remarkable zeal in the acquisition of full operatic scores since 1902, when the library had only about sixty of them. The other is a grouping of the musical compositions and literature (largely educational) that have been gathered together. On March 31 of the present year the Library of Congress possessed a collection of about 375,000 volumes and pieces of music, 5,000 books and pamphlets of the literature of music, and 6,000 books, pieces, etc., of musical theory and instruction.

Julius Hainauer of Breslau has published an arrangement for violin and piano, by Arthur Hartmann, of the Cradle Song and Concert Study from MacDowell's opus 24. These pieces will be welcomed by those who regret that MacDowell wrote so little chamber music.

Rubinstein once wrote that to him Bach seemed incomparably higher than Handel because "more earnest, more genial, more profound, more inventive, more incommensurable." The world is gradually coming to share this opinion. Bach's choral works are indisputably the grandest in existence, yet when a choral society was organized in Boston, in 1815, it was called the "Handel and Haydn Society," and it was not till 1871 that Bach was adequately represented on the programmes by selections from his "Passion according to St. Matthew." In England, owing to the Handel monopoly, the Bach cult was equally slow in developing; but to-day it is one of the conspicuous phenomena in the musical world on both sides of the ocean. The London *Musical World* in its last number points with pride to the fact that the greatest of Bach's works, the B minor mass, was sung nine times in the United Kingdom within four months. This same mass was the principal feature of the Fourth Bach Festival held at Montclair, N. J., last week. Frank Taft had gathered a chorus of 135 singers, an orchestra of 40, and capable soloists. The performance was held in the First Congregational Church, and its results indicated that Montclair has now taken the place of Bethlehem, Pa., which gave Bach performances that attracted music lovers from all over the country until Professor Wolle went to California.

The heirs of Donizetti are still fighting for their rights—or copyrights—in Paris. Two years ago they sued the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, and the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques for royalties. A recent decision of the courts is in their favor. It is decided that four of the Donizetti operas—"La Favorita," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Don Pasquale," and "Lucia"—are still subject to royalty, and the heirs expect to receive about $160,000.

Art.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May 8.

Nothing could better explain the character of this year's salons than the fact that the great success is Jean Veber's La Guinguette, shown in the New Salon. It attracts the public; it amuses artists; it occupies the critics; it is destined for the Hôtel de Ville, according to the catalogue, in which it is described as a decorative panel. At first, this success seems almost unaccountable. The picture is nothing more than a huge version of paintings the artist has shown before, representing a resort where Paris takes its holidays, and filled with the detail that has won for Veber the name of the modern Brueghel. In front of a little inn people are eating, drinking, dancing, painting, swinging, sleeping, talking, making love, being photographed. Cyclists arrive, a motor is at the gate. In a word, it is the modern holiday crowd, but rendered in a spirit of broad and bitter satire. As a caricature you can understand the picture; scarcely, however, as a decoration. True, if you stand a little way off you will find that the tiny figures, so out of proportion to the size of the canvas, are not placed at random, but arrange themselves into lines leading up to the distance where Paris stretches vaguely toward the horizon; and that the composition is framed by the trees on either side of the foreground. Even then the color is not pleasant, while it is evident that the artist did not elaborate his detail merely for the sake of an arrangement of lines; he meant you to look at it carefully, to study it out, to lose nothing of its fun and cruelty. Then you remember the great designs that used to hold your attention at the New Salon—the Ste. Geneviève watching over Paris, the stately muses trailing their draperies through the dim lotus lands of Puvis de Chavannes, or the seas and clouds and shores radiant in the light that never shone save in Besnard's canvases at their very best; and you wonder the more that the laurels of these masters should now have fallen to Veber. But as you wonder, you laugh and are interested, despite yourself. There is a humor, a zest, a vivacity, a truth, in the expression and action of the little figures, and in their grouping, that is quite irresistible. They are exaggerated, distorted, but they show keen and often illuminating observation, as well as originality of conception and treatment. And here you have the reason of Veber's success: he is not afraid to be himself, nor to see things and put them down in his own way. Therefore his work abounds in the life, the vitality that always tells, whatever the artist's subjects and methods.

There are only too many other enormous decorative panels in both salons, the larger number on a far more colossal scale than Veber's. They are marked, as a rule, by a greater ability than his to cover a vast expanse of canvas, and by a more profound knowledge of the decorative value of masses and lines. But they are without the life he knows how to give to his most fantastic and absurd parodies. The painters are accomplished, but they originate nothing, basing style and observation both on long accepted conventions. The skill is immense, and so is the energy, in a performance like Detaille's Chant de Départ, the song of the soldiers on their way to battle, Victory—or whatever the allegorical figure may be—leading them on; or like Jean-Paul Laurens's La Musique, a gigantic tribute to Beethoven. But the machinery—it is admirable machinery—creaks and you would rather have it turn out something less correct if it gave you in exchange one touch of genuine emotion or personal observation. Even Henri Martin's method, while it smells less of the schools, has grown into a convention. Certainly, this year, his subject, L'Étude, a large panel for the Sorbonne, has not inspired him. His sowers and reapers were more picturesque, as he saw them, than the students who now wander and group themselves in the same sunlit groves and meadows.

Detaille, Laurens, Henri Martin have always remained in the Old Salon. In the New, though there is not so much as there once was to choose between the two exhibitions, a few of the big decorative panels strike you as something more than mere variations upon well-worn motives. There

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is a distinct freshness in Maurice Denis's L'Éternel Printemps, a series of panels—cool, white visions of gardens where fruit trees are forever in flower, and grass is forever strewn with blossoms, and maidens forever move in languid dances or pose in listless unconcern. In their languor they recall the old motionless Madonnas of the early Italians and Flemings, and the whole design is carried out with a deliberate assumption of primitiveness, based, however, on the knowledge of the modern painter. The simplicity of the drawing and the naïveté of the figures give the repose that is the first essential of successful decoration, if almost the last thing now considered by the decorator. As different as possible is the work of M. Caro-Delvaille who also has executed a large panel, Le Paon Blanc. M. Delvaille never strays into imaginary gardens of Eden, but keeps scrupulously to the world he knows, and is as realistic in his presentation of it as in his vision. Here is no assumption, no adaptation of primitiveness, but an altogether modern grouping of men and women of to-day on a high terrace, round a long table, where the cloth is spread in an altogether modern fashion. Behind, a row of windows open out upon the terrace; in front, wide steps descend into a garden. On these steps, the peacock that gives the panel its title stands, spreading out the splendor of its tail, the color and the line, too, repeated in the trailing skirts of a lady at its side. The arrangement is ingenious, and the color has charm. But, in this instance, repose has been sought by the sacrifice of all semblance of life in the figures.

In France, artists themselves are keenly conscious of the period of degeneracy, or decadence, as they call it, through which they are passing. The change is most evident in the New Salon, so brilliant in the beginning. Of the older men who are left, Besnard does not exhibit, and few show work they have not surpassed in previous exhibitions. M. Boldini is one of the exceptions. His two portraits—both of women, one a full-length in gorgeous black satin, the other a half-length, all delicate grays—have the style and distinction he gives to every canvas, and are simpler in pose and costume than some of his recent portraits, which, in their exaggeration, were like amazing caricatures of fashion plates. On the other hand, they appear to me to suggest less the character of the individual, which he can, when he chooses, render so astonishingly as in his Montesquiou or his Whistler, than the character of a type—the woman of fashion. Like Van Dyck when he painted the ladies of the court, Boldini has evolved a formula by which to render the faces and, above all, the hands, the gorgeous silks, and jewels of his sitters. It is, however, his own formula, and, though many have attempted to appropriate it, he is still unrivalled in the way he can, with a sweep of his brush, give a fold of the draperies, a long tapering finger of the slim hand, the waves of the hair.

Formula, too, though of another kind, threatens M. Zuloaga, able and daring as he is. His backgrounds, for which he was once wise enough to study Velesquez, grow murkier and murkier, a foil for the vivid burst of color made by the shawls and dresses of the Spanish women whom he delights to paint. This year, it is Mademoiselle Lucienne Bréval, as she will, or should, look in the second act of "Carmen," who figures on his canvas, and she is arranged, not in the conventional properties of the operatic wardrobe, but in the costume worn by the real Carmens in Spain. Her red gown trails below the most flamboyant shawl that, surely, even a Spaniard ever wore, and the pattern is worked out with marvellous elaboration. There is none of the delicacy the old Dutchmen brought to the most intricate detail; and Zuloaga has no respect for surface; his technique is coarse, almost brutal. But, like Veber, he puts life into his work. Nor does his interest cease with the costume; the woman who wears it is very real flesh and blood, with all the fire and passion of Carmen in her face. His other two canvases have little to redeem the murky color and coarse technique. Zuloaga seems always to be forcing up his effects to exhibition pitch, which is the less necessary because he is the strongest of the Spanish group now so prominent in both Salons, with the exception perhaps of Anglada, who, unfortunately, is not represented this spring.

Many exhibitors in the New Salon make their bid for notice, not by violence, but by affectation of technique. In one way, they succeed. You simply must look at Flandrin, who blocks out figures and foliage in curious flat, square, masses, making no endeavor even to indicate the planes in a face, or in a bit of drapery, or in a landscape; you must look at Minartz, to whom realism appears to mean grotesqueness, as it meant grossness to Zola; and at Truchet, who is so blinded by sunlight that, in his eyes, flesh seen *en plein air* is turned to leather. But it is the more useless to call attention to work of this kind when I have not space to speak of all the good work, which is still to be found. There are pictures, like those of Louis Legrand and Hochard, where the merit is in the masterly study of character and the accomplished drawing. M. le Sidaner must be noticed because of his new departure, provincial France and Venice, as subjects, exchanged for London, but not with unqualified success. On his canvas Trafalgar Square looks like part of the garden of some old French château, and it is far too fine in its own way to borrow picturesqueness that does not belong to it; and if, in painting St. Paul's from the other side of the Thames, Le Sidaner has seen, as so few painters of London have, the delicate rose and white which the London atmosphere sometimes gives to the grimiest, dirtiest city in the world, he has not been able to express the delicacy of color quite adequately, nor yet to show the wonderful dome in all its might and majesty as it rises above the tall warehouses.

Again this year, as last, I find the two strongest features of the two salons to be the work of Spaniards and Americans. Of the Spaniards I have already spoken. It is extraordinary that, violent as their painting is, it tells far less in these vast caravansaries of pictures than the painting of Americans who seek their effects by refinement both of tone and technique. I referred to this refinement in the American group when I wrote of the salons a year ago, and I am now as impressed with it as I was then. I take it to be the healthiest sign in modern art as represented in the big Paris shows. For the great evil of the modern exhibition is that it has led artists, in their struggle for success, to accept only the exhibition standard and to think it necessary, as I have just said of Zuloaga, to work up to exhibition pitch. But those of our younger artists who now exhibit in Paris have escaped the evil and have based their art chiefly on the teaching of the greatest American of all—that the pictorial appearance of Nature should be respected, that figures should keep well within their frames and remain in the light and atmosphere where the artist found them. Perhaps the best example at the Old Salon is the work of Mr. Vonnoh, whose Bessie Potter Vonnoh is a proof that the endeavor to obtain harmony of tone need not interfere with a painter's careful study of beautiful detail, and whose small head of a man is a proof that it need not prevent his sympathetic study of character. Perhaps the best example in the New Salon is the work of Mr. Barlow, whose subjects scarcely vary—three or four figures of women in a simple interior, that is all—but who creates a new harmony from each new variation of the same theme. Charles Warren Eaton, whose landscapes are full of feeling; Mr. Frieseke, who at times loses his grip on his figures in his pre-occupation with his design as a whole; Richard Miller, who, however, strikes a louder key; Mr. MacCameron, who is somewhat weighted by the sensationalism of his subject, three absinthe drinkers; James R. Hopkins; Miss Lucretia Spielmann; George C. Aid; are among others of the group who aim above all at arrangement and atmospheric truth.

The sculpture is, as usual, overwhelming in quantity and in its average of excellence. It is out of the question to go into detail, and all I can dwell on here are the three contributions of M. Rodin: Orphée, Triton et Néréide, and the Muse. They are all three in the unfinished, the fragmentary, stage in which, evidently, Rodin now prefers to exhibit his work—a preference many think a mistake. There is, however, passion already in the Orphée in its incompleteness, and there are vigorous passages in the Triton et Néréide. But it is the Muse that is of special interest, the sketch, it is said, for the symbolic figure in Rodin's design for the Whistler memorial. The figure, as he shows it, is armless, and it is nude, though, eventually, there is to be drapery. Therefore, the pose does not explain itself so logically as it no doubt will when the design is completed. From a certain point of view, the lines are awkward; but the drapery will make all the difference. From every other point of view the effect is one of great stateliness and dignity, while, unfinished sketch as it is, the figure, cast in heroic mould, has a solemnity, an impressiveness, I have never seen equalled in any of Rodin's previous work; and in the face there is a simple grandeur that is unrivalled anywhere, unless it be in the figures brooding over the tombs of the Medici in San Lorenzo.

When it comes to the drawings and the prints, one still feels the dulness that, during the last few years, has fallen upon the section that was once the most interesting

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and stimulating. One thing it is a pleasure to note is the special honor paid to M. Lepère, at the New Salon, where he holds an exhibition apart in one of the smaller rooms. Timothy Cole and Mr. Wolf are in the Old Salon, Mr. Cole showing some of his reproductions of the French masters, Mr. Wolf his copies of Ver Meer and of Sargent's portrait of Mr. Pulitzer. Among etchers, are the Americans, Mr. Pennell and Mr. Webster. Of other prints, none need be mentioned except the lithographs of M. Belleroche, M. Léandre, and M. Dillon.

N. N.

Lewis F. Day, author of "Enamelling" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is not an enameller, but he is well acquainted with men who are. He is familiar with the historical researches of Von Falke, Kondakow, and other Europeans who have not been content, like many of the Anglo-Saxon writers on ceramic and metallurgical subjects, simply to borrow statements and misstatements from each other. Above all, he has convictions, a point of view from which he regards all fine art; and he knows how to write. In this book he has produced a model work of its kind. It is hard reading in places, because it treats of a highly technical subject, but it nowhere goes beyond the comprehension or interest of an intelligent person who understands the elementary practices of metal working. An enamel, in Mr. Day's discussion, means a coating of vitreous color fused upon metal; and strict adherence to this definition marks the entire discussion. The striking illustrations, some of them pen drawings, others half-tones, ought certainly to be in the hands of all American metal workers who have not ready access to important enamel collections at a museum.

"Stained Glass Tours in France," by C. H. Sherrill (John Lane Co.), offers holiday-makers a highly specialized form of entertainment in well-devised trips, which present the development of this branch of French art in three periods or groups, as illustrated chiefly in churches north of Limoges. In system and accuracy of treatment the volume renders capital service as an introduction to the subject. Even so little visited (though accessible) a chapel as that at Champigny-sur-Veude obtains due appreciation of its interesting examples. Concentration on such a hobby naturally tends to present France as a "stained-glass museum," without inhabitants; indeed, it is in Brittany alone that the author seems to become conscious of a population.

"Safe Building Construction," by Louis de Coppet Bergh (The Macmillan Co.), a book written by an architect of long experience, is practically a treatise on engineering, dealing especially with those problems which the architect is called upon to solve. Its simple rules for "those who do not understand trigonometry," its diagrammatic illustrations, and its pages of tables will be attractive to many an architect and builder. Whether it is thoroughly sound in detail can only be judged by the technically trained expert after close study of its closely printed pages.

"Modern Baths and Bath Houses" (John Wiley & Sons), written by a sanitary engineer of long experience, William Paul Gerhard, cannot but be valuable to those interested in the subject treated, and especially to architects who are called upon to design bath-house structures.

A "Handbook of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University," prepared by the curator, Prof. Kuno Francke, has been published by the university. This useful booklet will indicate in a striking way, to those who have not had the good fortune to visit this museum, how much has been accomplished by the energy and devotion of Professor Francke and other friends of Germanic studies in bringing together in so short a time this unique collection. But for this energy and devotion, the German Emperor would hardly have been moved to present the remarkable series of casts, illustrative of German architecture and sculpture of the middle ages and the Renaissance, which forms the kernel of the collection. Short as the handbook is, it is something more than a mere guide to the museum. It indicates the character of the artistic movement which each object illustrates; and each of the important works of art represented by the casts is described and analyzed. The main portion of the book, devoted to the monumental German sculpture of the middle ages and the Renaissance, is thus of value as a work of reference on German art. The photographic illustrations of objects in the museum add to this value; but the illustrations would have been more useful—especially for the reader who is not visiting the museum—if titles had been printed under them. The collection of reproductions of German metal-work from the twelfth to the eighteenth century is more briefly treated. References to important authorities are given in footnotes. The pamphlet closes with the statement: "Even now this museum contains a larger and more methodically selected number of reproductions of objects illustrating the history of Teutonic civilization than any other university museum, either in America or Europe"; and points to the necessity for a larger building to house the growing collection which even now "requires for proper housing and arrangement a building three times the size of the present one." According to the "foreword" more than 100,000 persons have so far visited the museum.

The national Freie Lehrervereinigung für Kunstpflege, which through the house of J. Scholz, Mainz, has been publishing some excellent reproductions of the works of artists, old and modern, now brings out some of the works of Fritz von Uhde, not the well-known Biblical pictures, but scenes taken from daily life. There is an introduction by A. Troll.

In the series known as Hiersemanns kunstgeschichtliche Monographien, Dr. Johannes Sievers has published as a ninth volume a work on Pieter Aertsen. He shows particularly that Aertsen was inspired by southern influences and ideals. The author has travelled all over Europe in search of Aertsen pictures, and furnishes an exhaustive catalogue, which is really the backbone of this work.

In a lecture at University College, London, May 14, Prof. W. Flinders Petrie gave an account of his first season's work in the ruins of Memphis. In the great Temple of Ptah were discovered a number of votive tablets on which ears are carved. Hitherto the ears, modelled in clay or carved in relief on stone, found throughout Egypt, have been classed with the similar small objects found in other parts of the ancient world. For instance, David G. Hogarth unearthed in the Temple of Diana of Ephesus numerous eyes, hands, ears, and occasionally a leg—evidently thank offerings or petitions for cure. But the fact that in Egypt only ears were found and other parts of the body were missing, suggests another explanation. On some of the Memphis tablets there is one ear only, on others many ears, without an inscription. In one case the tablet is covered over with roughly incised outlines of a multitude of miniature ears. But on others there is the explanatory inscription: "Listen, O Ptah!" or "Ptah, listen to the petition made by such an one." It is probable that the ears were not those of the worshipper, but extra ears intended for the god. One rather delicately carved tablet strengthens this theory. On one side is the kneeling figure of the suppliant, with his name and inscription, and on the other side the standing figure of the god Ptah, who, besides his ordinary ears, has two enormous supplementary ears carved one on each side of his head. In Memphis also were obtained some little terra-cotta grotesques. Three of them are clearly East Indian figures, and in one the face is well enough marked to be recognized as a type from Orissa. There are also a head of the Persian King; a mounted Scythian horseman, which suggests a date soon after the invasion of Cambyses; a Persian warrior with a lion's skin and lion's claw on his cap; and a Bedouin Arab, uncommonly like a modern inhabitant of a Polish Ghetto. Excavations were also undertaken on the site of the city of Athribis in Upper Egypt. The ruins of a temple were found there with carvings dating from 60 B. C. to 120 A. D. One of the most interesting discoveries was a chamber containing carvings of trees and inscriptions, recording an expedition to Punt, the land of incense at the south of the Red Sea. The western side of the temple was in a good state of preservation, and the explorers dug deep enough to reveal a portion of the great doorway. Two miles to the south of Athribis the excavators came upon a cliff, 600 feet high, which was honeycombed with tombs. Among these were five painted and inscribed tombs belonging to the fourth and fifth dynasties.

The excavations carried on at Olympia, near the great temple of Zeus, under the superintendence of Professor Dörpfeld, have resulted in the discovery of remains of the neolithic period, including house-vessels and implements. From this it is evident that the site of Olympia was a place of human habitation even before the bronze age.

Recent excavations beneath the Church of St. Crisogono in Trastevere, Rome, have uncovered the walls of an apse of Constantinian date. The original decorative paintings are in a fair state of preservation. Besides these there have been found, outside the original altar screen, the figures of three saints, apparently of eighth century date, and extraordinarily fresh in color. The excavation will be continued into the nave of the old basilica, and there seems good hope that remains of early

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painting fairly rivalling those of Sta. Maria Antiqua and S. Clemente may be brought to light.

From Jacques Reich we have received an excellent etching of Andrew Jackson, after the painting by Thomas Sully. The size, 14¼ by 10¾ inches, is convenient for framing.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are etchings in colors at Edward Brandus's, till June 1; early American art at Ehrich's, June 14; and etchings by American artists at Frederick Keppel's, June 20.

The collection of modern pictures and water-color drawings made by the late Stephen G. Holland of London is to be sold at Christie's on June 25, 26, and 29. It is rich in Turner drawings, among them being the Hastings, which in 1881 sold for $5,522; the Heidelberg with Rainbow, Saltash, and The Diligence. In oils Turner is represented by Mortlake Terrace (1827), for which $27,300 was paid in 1895; The Storm, and The Morning After the Storm, which he painted in 1840. The principal Constable is the Salisbury Cathedral, painted from the grounds of the palace in 1826 because the bishop who ordered it did not appreciate the earlier one, now in the South Kensington Museum, and conceded to be one of Constable's most perfect pictures. Gainsborough, as a landscapist, is represented in The Harvest Wagon. Among the Continental pictures are two very fine Jacqueses, Woody Pasture, with the inevitable flock of sheep in a Diaz-like forest, and Watering the Flock; Diaz's The Bathers, two Daubignys, two Troyons, a Van Marcke, and two Corots.

At an auction at Christie's, London, May 8, the following pictures were sold: Raeburn, Alexander Allan, £367; Mrs. Allan and Child, £367; Romney, Mrs. Maria Hughes, £336; Hoppner, Portrait of a Young Gentleman, £283.

Emil Neide, an artist of the Munich school, has died at the age of sixty-four. Among his best known pictures are Die Lebensmüden, Am Ort der Tat, Vitriol, Orpheus and Eurydice.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adam, James. The Religious Teachers of Greece. Imported by Scribners. $4 net.
Barr, Robert. Young Lord Strainleigh. Appletons. $1.50.
Breasted, James Henry. A History of the Ancient Egyptians. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Brumbaugh, Martin G. The Life and Works of Christopher Dock. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.
Bryan, John Ingram. Films of Blue. Tokio: Kyo Bun Kwan.
Callahan, James Morton. The Alaska Purchase. Morgantown: West Virginia University. 50 cts.
Campbell, James M. Paul the Mystic. Putnams. $1.50.
Campbell, T. J. Pioneer Priests of North America. New York: Fordham University Press.
Campbell, W. S. The Passerby in London. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Cardashian, Vahan. The Ottoman Empire of the Twentieth Century. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Casson, Herbert N. The Romance of the Reaper. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.
Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Publications of the. Vol. X. Boston: Published by the Society.
Cope, Henry Frederick. Levels of Living. Revell. $1 net.
Cruttwell, Maud. A Guide to the Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Daily Mail Year-Book of the Churches, 1908. Edited by Percy L. Parker. London: Associated Newspapers.
Davidson, Lillias Campbell. Catherine of Bragança. Dutton. $5 net.
Dresser, Horatio W. The Philosophy of the Spirit. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Everyman's Library. No. 266 to 315c. Dutton. 35 cents per vol.
Fontaine, Lamar. My Life and Lectures. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Fuller, Robert H. South Africa at Home. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Glyn, Elinor. The Sayings of Grandmamma. Duffield & Co. $1.
Gould, George M. Righthandedness and Lefthandedness. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Holtz, Frederick L. Nature-Study. Scribners.
Hudson, C. S., and C. M. Garland. Tests of a Liquid Air Plant. Urbana, Ill.: Published by the University.
James, George Wharton. What the White Race May Learn from the Indian. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.50.
Johnson, Herrick. The Ideal Ministry. Revell. $1.75 net.
Last Egyptian, The. Edward Stern & Co. $1.50.
Library of Congress: List of Works Relating to Deep Waterways; First and Second Banks of the United States; Currency and Banking. Washington.
Low, A. Maurice. America at Home. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Lowell, A. Lawrence. The Government of England. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net per set.
Maury, M. F. Physical Geography. American Book Co. $1.20.
Maynard, Samuel T. The Small Country Place. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Meyerhardt, M. W. The Movement for Ethical Culture at Home and Abroad.
Moore, James H. Defence of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Co.
Moses, Bernard. South America on the Eve of Emancipation. Putnams. $1.50.
Mott, Hopper Striker. The New York of Yesterday. Putnams.
Nojine, E. K. The Truth About Port Arthur. Translated by A. B. Lindsay. Dutton. $2 net.
Paulsen, Friedrich. Philosophia Militans. Berlin: Reuther & Reichard.
Robertson, James Alexander. Bibliography of the Philippine Islands. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Scott, John Reed. The Princess Dehra. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Sickert, Bernard. Whistler. Dutton. 75 cents.
Silver, Arthur P. Farm-Cottage, Camp, and Canoe in Maritime Canada. Dutton. $2 net.
Speech of Robert Y. Hayne on Foote's Resolution. Cincinnati, O.: Phonographic Institute Co.
Thwing, Walter Eliot. History of the First Church of Roxbury, Mass. Boston: W. A. Butterfield.
Walpole, Sir Spencer. The History of Twenty-Five Years. Vols. III. and IV. Longmans.
Walton, George Lincoln. Why Worry? Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Williams, Jesse Lynch. The Girl and the Game. Scribners.
Willson, Thomas B. Norway at Home. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Yeats, William B. and Lady Gregory. The Unicorn from the Stars and Other Plays. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

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